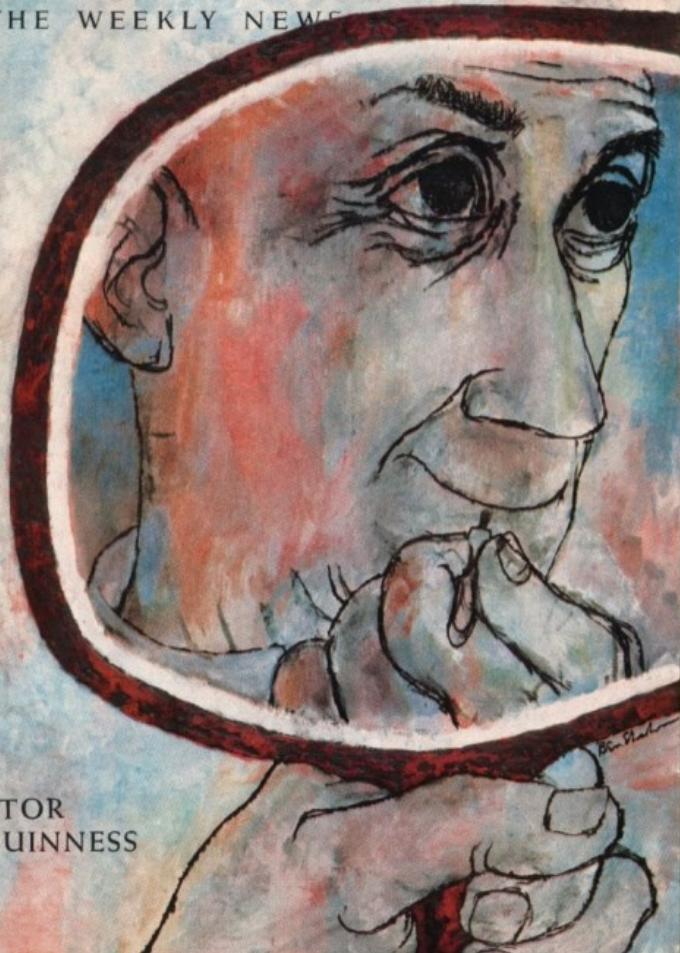


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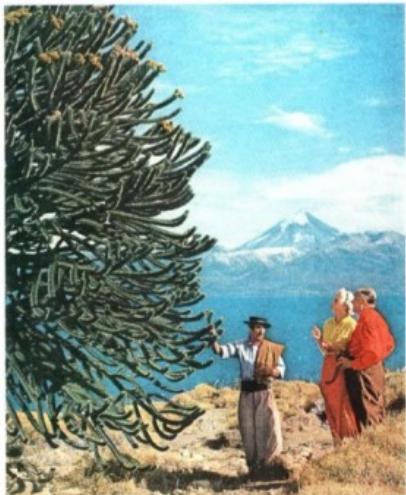
APRIL 21, 1958

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS



ACTOR
ALEC GUINNESS



*Seven reasons why
people who've*



Your favorite sports are great sport, too. Fast white water is loaded with fighting brown and rainbow trout, landlocked salmon. Magnificent skiing, golf, hunting. And swimming in two oceans.



You step back centuries in history. The amazing Incas left a whole city — Machu Picchu, hidden until 1911. You can explore palaces, courtyards, and silent streets where no conquistador ever set foot.



You can shop for bargains! Quito is the place to buy fine wool, Silver, copper, alligator, nutria. are bargains in other cities.



Your dollars go further in every country on Panagra's route. And you save 30% on a round trip to Buenos Aires via all-first-class *El InterAmericano* or all-tourist *El Pacifico*.



You find a variety of cities, each with its own charm. Buenos Aires is fun-loving, beautiful and second only in size to New York and Chicago in this hemisphere. May sympathetic!



You stop at modern hotels. The Arequipa, shown here, is one of the Peruvian national chain. They were built by the government to please the tourist trade. English is spoken.

been everywhere say



"You see more for less in South America"

*... and especially with today's 30% saving
in air fare on a round trip to 8 friendly cities*

Day-by-day itinerary of a typical tour tells you how much you can see and do in the continent of contrasts. All packed and ready? Then let's go!

Leave New York after lunch. Fly via Miami to Panama. You'll be there in the late evening. You'll find a room with bath waiting at deluxe Hotel El Panamá.

Next morning, a car will drive you through Panama City, to the ruins of Old Panama, along the waterfront to Ancon, Balboa and Miraflores Locks in the Canal.

That night, you'll leave Panama and fly to Lima, Peru, arriving in time for breakfast. On your way to the Hotel Bolívar, you'll discover one of the loveliest cities in the world. Wide avenues with beautiful homes, narrow streets overhung with balconies . . . great plazas with imposing old Spanish architecture.

Lima is exciting, and you'll be there several days. A sightseeing drive will take you to see the Bull Ring, Tomb of Pizarro, Hall of the Inquisition, mansions, and Inca Museum. You'll have extra time to golf, swim, shop. You'll find fabulous bargains in silver. Lima has a year-round average temperature of 70°.

On the morning of the 7th day, you wave farewell to Lima and take off for Santiago, Chile. This flight will show you some of the greatest peaks of the Andes. Santiago nestles in a valley between walls of peaks. Streamlined houses sit in flower gardens. You'll drive from the airport to the splendid Carrera Hotel via beautiful Avenida O'Higgins. Its name is one of many traces you'll find of British and Irish ancestry in Chile.

In the next 3 days, you'll have a sightseeing drive to see buildings, parks, gardens, the shopping district, Opera House, and to the top of San Cristobal Hill at nightfall just as the city lights go on. Another day, you'll have first-class rail tickets to Valparaiso, seaport next to Viña del Mar, the "Monte Carlo of Chile."

Across the Andes on the 11th day. You'll leave Santiago after lunch and arrive in Buenos Aires, at dusk. This flight takes you within sight of Aconcagua, highest mountain in the New World. Crossing the Andes is the most dramatic 20 minutes you could have.

Buenos Aires, called "The Paris of South America," will woo you with its beauty, gaiety, sophistication . . . and with Argentine beef that is thick, juicy, tender and costs next to nothing. Filet Mignon 50¢; Sirloin, 47¢; Tenderloin, 45¢. You'll stay at the Hotel City for five days. You'll have a guided drive to the Opera House, Capitol, Casa Rosada, Rosedal, Racecourse.

The morning of the 16th day, leave Buenos Aires and take an hour's flight over "The River of Silver" to Montevideo, Uruguay. You'll stay at the luxurious Victoria Plaza. Sightseeing will take you along the river front to Carrasco and beaches, to the Capitol and the top of the hill which gave Montevideo its name.

On the 18th day, fly on to São Paulo, Brazil, and Hotel Othon Palace. In the next two days, you'll visit the famous Butantan Snake Farm, travel first-class rail to Santos, visit the Coffee Exchange, Orchid Farm, Vila dos Passaros and Guarujá.

On to Rio, on your 20th day. It's an hour's flight from São Paulo. You stay at the Hotel Miramar Palace. Your sightseeing will take you to beaches, government and residential sections, bay-front boulevards, and to the top of breath-taking Sugar Loaf.

On the 25th day, you'll fly overnight to San Juan, Puerto Rico. You stay at the Condado Beach Hotel with two days for sightseeing—as well as a drive to Morro Castle, Marine Gardens, old Spanish sections and School of Tropical Medicine. On the 28th day you fly to New York.

This is a typical tour. What does it cost? \$927 from Miami . . . \$989 from New York. Cost includes round trip by air, hotel accommodations, sightseeing.

Your flights are by pressurized DC-6Bs with Panagra (Pan American-Grace Airways) on the West Coast and Pan American on the East. For slightly more, you can fly deluxe *El InterAmericano DC-7s*. Radar on all flights, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra.

The stops and length of this trip are given as an example of what you can do down there with a dollar. There are many tours you can choose from: 11 days to 55 days. You can go with an escorted group. Or you can travel independently, leaving any day you like.

Visit your nearest Pan Am Office or see your Travel Agent for friendly help and advice. He can plan your trip with the effort out and the value in. For a handful of free folders and details on the whole story, name of your nearest Pan Am Office and Travel Agent, write Mr. Don Wilson, Panagra, Room 4435, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y.

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American Hospital Supply Corporation



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LETTERS

The 64 Ruble Question

Sir:

Will success spoil Nikita Khrushchev?
RALPH HERRERO

Los Altos, Calif.

Souls in Space

Sir:

Dr. Lee DuBridge's logical, down-to-earth views in your March 31 Science section will, I hope, enable Sputnik-frenzied Americans to return safely to reality. The several billions required to finance a wasteful moon voyage could be expended more profitably for cancer research.

ALBERT M. GROSSMAN

Philadelphia

Sir:

The purpose of space exploration should be to find livable land and atmosphere for this ever-growing population of ours. In a couple of hundred years, this planet is going to be loaded. (Bumper-to-bumper freeway traveling is here already.)

Let's develop a rocket-liner to take some of us off into space, rather than a bomb to blow us into eternity.

JANET BELL

Los Angeles

Sir:

Physicist DuBridge should have been around to discourage Edison. Then we wouldn't have disk jockeys. If he could have told Columbus that a round world was loose talk, we wouldn't have California. Heaven knows what we'll get from Mars or the moon.

RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

Lakewood, Ohio

Sir:

C. S. Lewis' remarks in "Faith & Outer Space" prompt me to wonder if the serpent in the Old Testament might not have been a visitor from outer space.

HERMAN M. HEYN

Baltimore

Sir:

All people on all planets must confess that Christ is Lord. This includes any creatures created by God in space.

MRS. MALES

Zion, Ill.

Sir:

Any time now I expect to hear an earth-bound mother talking to her space-bound

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daughter thusly: "But dear, you simply cannot do it. You just cannot marry out of your planet."

NOLA ROSENBERG

Brooklyn

Colonialism & the U.S.

Sir:

Congratulations on your fine article [March 24] on colonialism and the U.S. I hope a lot of the leaders in Asia and Africa read it. But why doesn't the U.S. give the lead in an area where it is still practicing colonialism itself—letting Hawaii and Alaska be exploited by outside interests and not allowed self-government.

MARJORIE ANTHONY

Denver

Sir:

Your article shows a new stage in the maturity of U.S. attitudes.

W. M. BARCLAY

Port Moresby, New Guinea

Sir:

The gallant fight of U.S. against colonialism is most interesting. I suggest that the U.S. return Louisiana to France, Florida to Spain, and Alaska to Russia.

I. H. DUCKWORTH

Batang Malaka, Malaya

Sir:

The realistic colonialism of the British had benign effects. The idealistic stupidity of the Americans caused only trouble in the world. Politics is not a question of benevolence and popularity; it is one of intelligence and prudence.

L. SZALAKAY

Winnipeg, Man.

Digging the Farmer

Sir:

After reading your article on the growth and wealth of the National Farmers Union [March 31], I find it very evident that the Government farm-price supports have been adding to the riches of the farmers and their union at the heavy expense of the taxpayers of this country. Why should the farmers have such a subsidy when all other classes of business and professions survive or perish on their own expense and efforts?

RAYMOND A. TUCKER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Old friends of Jim Patton will thank you for your recognition, even if unenthusiastic,



THOMAS G. MURDOUGH, Pres.
American Hospital Supply Corp., says:

**"Broad doctor bill
benefits make
BLUE SHIELD
the obvious choice
for our employees!"**

"Where there's a hospital bill, there's a doctor bill. We make sure our people have well-rounded protection against the expense of illness by including Blue Shield to help with surgical and medical bills. Blue Shield benefits are a 'must' as far as our company is concerned."

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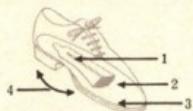
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of the N.F.U. president, I am sure your Ivy League, Rockefeller Plaza editors did not mean the snide subtleties and innuendoes of resentment against the wealth and success of the N.F.U. and the man who has had the vision and integrity to fight for them, and whose only sin is that he has been steadfast to democratic ideals.

L. W. SLEDGE

Los Angeles

Sir:

One fact omitted from your article is needed to explain how the business affiliates of the N.F.U. organization have accumulated so much money so very fast. The answer is that the \$33 million Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association, the \$75 million Farmers Union Central Exchange and other cooperatives wearing the N.F.U. label pay little or no federal income tax. Other businesses of similar magnitude pay 52%.

GARNER M. LESTER

President

National Tax Equality Association
 Washington, D.C.

¶ True. Any farm cooperative is tax exempt if it qualifies for eight intricate legal requirements, chief of which is that it must pay out all profits or proceeds to members (who of course pay taxes on their cooperative income). Most (62%) of all farm cooperatives so qualify, including all branches of the Farmers Union.—Ed.

Sir:

Is there any way to make your article required reading for subsidy-happy Congressmen?

MRS. E. W. HARMER

Salt Lake City

J. Edgar's Book

Sir:

It has just been my pleasure to read the review of *Masters of Deceit*, which appears in the March 31 issue of TIME, and I want you to know how much I appreciate this frank appraisal of my book. It is my earnest hope that it will assist in alerting some complacent Americans to the real threat posed by the atheistic Communist movement.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Federal Bureau of Investigation
 Washington, D.C.

Dewey-Eyed Educators

Sir:

Your article "The Long Shadow of John Dewey" ought to be emblazoned on the walls of every academic institution cursed with the pseudoscientific, anti-intellectual invention of this age: the department of education. Having been educated in a school system of this otiose type, I now look forward to the day when I shall receive my B.A. degree from Texas University. Then I can satisfy myself that I have received the equivalent of a good high school education.

JOHN PRICE

Austin, Texas

Sir:

I agree that there must be drastic upgrading of our educational level, but I doubt that education will be improved by talking as if Dewey and his followers were a pack of morons solely responsible for our present difficulties.

WAYNE C. BOOTH

Richmond, Ind.

Sir:

You criticize education for not having enough discipline; try disciplining a child

when the parent constantly sides with the child and fights the school.

H. S. ROWE JR.
Superintendent

Farnam Public Schools
Farnam, Neb.

Sir:

Why can't we hit a happy medium in education without mottoing "Excelsior Dewey" or "Hi-Ho Science"?

EDWIN HAMMER

El Paso

Optics v. Art

Sir:

You commented in the March 3 issue upon my recent lecture analyzing the various ways in which eye disease might affect an artist's use of form and color. As your readers have pointed out, the primary objection to any such mechanistic explanation is that, however distorted the individual's perception, subject and rendering ought to tally. Yet this self-correcting effect does not always seem to operate. Tests have shown that a circle, viewed through an astigmatic lens, will be seen and reproduced as an ellipse; further evidence can be found in the practice and comments of various artists known to have been astigmatic or color-blind.

PATRICK TREVOR-ROPER

Caracas, Venezuela

Stone & Grille Work

Sir:

Let me offer my sincerest congratulations on a thoroughly competent analysis of Ed Stone and his place in architecture today. TIME's support of the arts, with a special emphasis on architecture, is a wonderful thing.

NATHANIEL A. OWINGS

San Francisco

Sir:

That is quite a story on Edward Stone. From the raves of Wright and the squawks from Saarinen and Johnson, it would seem Ed Stone has broken the international style barrier. More power to him.

T. H. ROBJSOHN-GIBBINGS

New York City

Sir:

Just take off the grille façades and goodbye to Architect Stone's architecture. The U.S. Pavilion at Brussels is weak and frivolous and is in no way superior to the Soviet "refrigerator."

JOSE FIRPI

Santurce, Puerto Rico

Sir:

It would appear that Stone's finding beauty and success was nothing more than taking a short step from the bar to the grille.

KATHERINE M. HEGARDT

New York City

Sir:

Architect Stone customarily extends his works of art into congruous surroundings of plazas and pools. What isolationism inspired him to louse up the restful mellow of a row of brownstones?

CAROL KASPER

San Francisco

Sir:

Stone's wife Maria is as beautiful and interesting as his architectural designs.

W. E. MATTHEWS

Houston

Sir:

I like Architect Stone's grille work. The pigeons like it. The starlings are crazy about it.

BERT ELLIS

Cleveland

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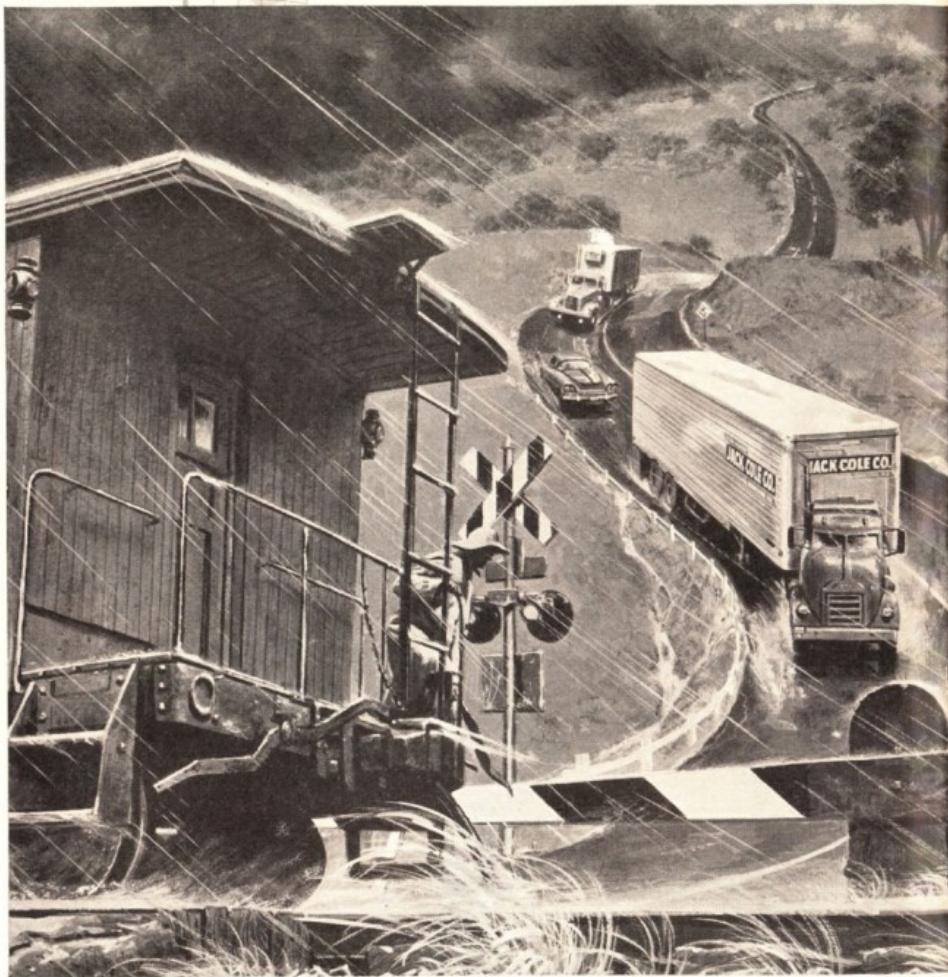
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How Jack Cole Company of Birmingham, Ala., answers traction problems while getting longest original tread wear:

"We run general freight—a million miles a month—and because of today's short inventories the pressure is on all the way.

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"And that's how you can leave your profits on the road—build up tire costs till they're out of this world.

"Our mountain runs are even worse. With winding, high-crowned roads and only 18 hours to make Chicago—or only 30 for New York—superior traction becomes a 'must' and any tire failure is extra bad news.

"Those are all reasons why Cross-Rib has been such GOOD news for us.

"Where Nylons on drive-wheels once gave us 35,000 original mileage, Cross-Rib averages 93,000—and some crowd 100,000! Yes—and then Cross-Rib takes recap after recap for 50,000 each!"

"Our drivers really like 'em. Reason? NO Cross-Rib failures, NO blowouts, NO bruise-breaks and practically no punctures.

"They also report no sideslips or jackknifing.

"Yes—for all our tough runs—and all our tighter schedules—our tire-cost-per-mile is HALF what it used to be—and that's real music to any highway hauler's ears!"

Jack Cole Company operates 133 tractors, 300 tandem trailers and 50 smaller trucks into 27 cities in Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Georgia—and interchanges for all U. S. A. For other good names gone Cross-Rib, contact your Goodyear dealer—or

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Akron 16, Ohio

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Voice of the People

The deeper a Congressman gets in the political slugging matches and slogans of Washington, the farther away he tends to get from home. This week many a member of Congress headed back to the capital from the midsession recess, surprised at how far Congress had got from home in the furious battle for prestige in dealing with the recession. Around the U.S., TIME-LIFE correspondents caught up with Senators and Congressmen on homecoming rounds, reported these net findings:

Recession. In Michigan auto cities, Great Lakes steel towns and Far West mine and timber communities, there were anticipated slumps, together with demands for extended unemployment compensation quickly. But in the eyes of most voters the economic picture is far from dismal. Said House Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas: "The recession hasn't hit this part of the country yet." Reported Indiana Republican William G. Bray: "Recession talk is not as prevalent as I thought." Even in Florida, hard hit by a citrus freeze and a bad tourist season, Democratic Senator George Smathers was "most surprised" at the lack of interest in the recession. California's Republican Congressman Craig Hosmer said: "The people

in my district [Long Beach] are mostly afraid of Congress. They think Congress is acting hysterical."

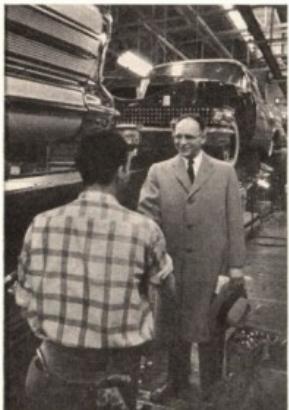
Farmers. "The farmers aren't just mad at Benson," cracked Washington's Democrat Warren G. Magnuson. "They're mad at everybody." Iowa Democrat Merwin Coad charged back determined to override the President's veto of the bill freezing farm-price supports at 1957 levels (TIME, April 14). But he had little intersectional support: Republican Willard S. Curtin polled his Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, found them mostly for flexible supports or no supports at all. Said Sam Rayburn: "Nobody told me anything about removing Benson." Said Maine Democrat Frank Coffin, from the midst of dairy country: "There was no reaction to the veto."

Tax Cuts. Hardly any of my constituents are in favor of a tax cut," reported California Republican Bob Wilson. "I found more insistence upon tax cuts in Washington than at home," said Maine's Coffin. That old tax cutter, Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, found the support he was looking for, but Republican Congressman Robert Michel of hard-hit Peoria (farm machinery) changed his mind, said he would vote against an immediate cut. Said Arkansas Congressman Wilbur Mills: "Everyone would welcome a tax cut, of course, but I haven't de-

tected any great demand." Added Nebraska's Arthur Lewis Miller: "I was against a tax cut before I came home. I was glad to see the voters had about the same thinking; it gives me a little more backbone." A nose count of U.S. Senators showed that 78 would vote "no" on an immediate tax cut.

Foreign Aid. "People are very much in favor of it," reported Connecticut G.O.P. Congressman Edwin May. "I'm in favor," said Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, "but the people in my district show very little interest." "My people are in favor of cutting down," said South Carolina Democrat William Jennings Bryan Dorn. Said Minnesota's First District Congressman Albert H. Quie: "There's been a change in Minnesota. I've even seen farmer meetings where resolutions are passed supporting reciprocal trade." Chicago Democrat John C. Kluczynski switched over recess from an anti-aid stand. Said he: "I just changed by talking to the people. What the hell, we can't be isolationist. We've got to live with the world."

Basic Confidence. No one probed his district more energetically than Michigan Republican Charles E. (or Ernest) Chamberlain, 40, who performs the neat feat of representing two areas (Flint and Lansing) heavily populated with Democratic auto workers, and one Republican



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
CHAMBERLAIN & AUTO WORKER



Francis Miller—LIFE
QUIE & FARMER
"They think Congress is acting hysterical."



Thomas McAvoy—LIFE
MILLS & CONSUMER

rural county. Freshman Chuck Chamberlain earlier had sent 100,000 questionnaires on aid, trade and taxes to his Sixth District, had tabulated the 11,000 replies (57% against a tax cut, 35% in favor, 8% undecided). On his first night home in East Lansing, Chamberlain dropped a log on his foot, bruised it badly.

Nevertheless, he hobbled off on his tour. Said he to 300 people a day: "I'm your Congressman. What can I do to help you?" In depressed Flint (Buick) and Lansing (Oldsmobile), everybody wanted an end to automobile excise taxes. In rural Livingston County, farmers (average holding: 150 acres) suggested that Congress help by easing farm controls and leaving them alone. Congressman Chamberlain talked as well as listened. Demanded auto workers: Why not levy higher duties on foreign cars? Answered Chamberlain: "We have to let those cars come in. They're our balance in trade for hundreds of thousands of U.S. trucks sold to our friends abroad every year."

This week Chuck Chamberlain and colleagues settled down for the remainder of an important session. Back in the cave of the winds there was slim chance that an election-year Congress would quit making a big political thing out of the recession. On the other hand, there was high hope that its members had assimilated perhaps the most important finding to come out of a grass-roots tour since the New Deal days. The people, as Maine Democrat Frank Coffin put it, displayed "powerful basic confidence in the American economy." The confidence was grounded not on Washington slogans but on a remarkably unanimous conviction among workers, farmers and businessmen that the U.S. economy itself could cure the recession.

DEFENSE

Ready for the Fight

"I've never seen him more cheerful or more energetic," said a member of the White House family last week of President Eisenhower. "I wish I knew all the reasons. It's definitely a change of mood." Whether the President's get-going fettle was brought on by complete recovery from his stroke, or by the feel of spring, or by other causes, it showed unmistakably in stepped-up work done (TIME, April 14), in showings—at press conferences and at his desk—of a new jauntiness and zest for issues.

Last week the new spirit surged notably because he had made up his mind to wade into the middle of the liveliest fight since he stepped into the White House. Already the lines were forming in opposition to his Defense Department reorganization plan, designed to simplify the ever-lengthening lines of the U.S. military webwork and give new powers to the Secretary of Defense and Joint Chiefs of Staff. Already it was clear that the principal foe was the U.S. Navy, its civilian allies, and its long-time friends on Capitol Hill.

"The Ideal!" So eager was General Eisenhower for battle that he forswore his customary distaste for a news confer-



Paul Schutzer—LIFE

EISENHOWER
"I have got a little more experience."

ence, and stayed in town to hold one last week. When the reorganization questions popped, he poured it on. First off, he knocked down the recurrent complaints that the new plan (TIME, April 14) would make a czar out of the Defense Secretary. "Let's look at the built-in constitutional guards that there are," said he. "A commander in chief over the Secretary of Defense [who in turn] is certainly not going to be very effective if four chiefs of staff are not supporting him very definitely. The Congress is there every day for mak-



Keystone

BISMARCK
"He was a civilian."

ing the money available or not making the money available . . . The National Guard . . . The Reserves . . . And let's don't forget the spiritual strength and the traditions of America . . .

"The idea of making a czar out of anybody! Usually, they have always tried to do it about a military man. Now they found that wasn't very profitable because . . . they couldn't find a single military man in modern history, not to say American history, but in modern history, except in certain of the Latin American countries. Hitler and Mussolini were not soldiers; and Bismarck, who was almost a dictator until Wilhelm II came along—he was a civilian. So they gave up that argument, and now they are talking about a civilian czar. I don't see any sense to it at all."

"Here Is Something!" Ike, too, had changed his mind since last January, when he allowed that "my personal convictions, no matter how strong," would be subject to a congressional consensus of what was politically feasible. Now, he said, jabbing a thumb at his chest for emphasis: "I don't care how strong [the opponents] are or how numerous they are. Here is something for the U.S. . . . that is necessary. I would get onto the air as often as the television companies would let me on.

"I would keep it up until I would have the U.S. understanding that it is their pocketbook, first of all: more than that, it is their safety—it is their safety. It just happens I have got a little bit more experience in military organization and the directing of unified forces than anyone else on the active list . . . The things I am trying to get over are the things that the U.S. needs."

In the Pentagon, reaction to the sweeping plan was varied and violent. Army Chief of Staff Maxwell Taylor, at first opposed to the idea, later said that his staff had convinced him that both he and the Army "could live with it." From the Air Force, growing mightier in the age of space, there was confident satisfaction that the plan could only help.

"Deep Opposition." But the Navy was fuming. Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh Burke seemed incredulous at the thought that the Sixth and Seventh Fleets could be taken from the Navy and put under the command of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as the plan recommended. Replied Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles simply: "That's exactly what will be done. The [President's] paper says it will be done." Rumors flew that Navy Secretary Thomas Gates would resign.

The civilian-run Navy League (sprinkled with inactive naval officers) churred out a resolution objecting to weakening the powers of the separate Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air Force, i.e., opposing the President's plan to strike out a chaotic phrase in the present law guaranteeing that the individual services shall be "separately administered." Meanwhile the Naval Advisory Council, civilian advisers to district commanders, urged its 100 odd members "as a matter of deep urgency" to buttonhole Congressmen at home and get across "deep opposition" to the Presi-



COUSINS



EDWARDS

FOSDICK
Defenders of the unborn . . .WALTER BENNETT
TILLICH

PATTON



PAULING

THE ATOM

How Sane the SANE?

dent's reform plan, plus hearty support for pending congressional bills that strengthen the powers of individual service secretaries, and further hog-tie the Defense Secretary.

Advice to the Wise. Defense Secretary Neil McElroy was just as ready for a fight as the President. Said he, in his first public speech before Washington's National Press Club: "I can see no excuse for military or civilian members of the Defense organization undertaking to make public speeches in their official capacities in opposition to the program of their Commander in Chief. On the other hand, I would expect that [any official appearing before congressional committees] answer questions frankly and fully in light of his professional knowledge and experience and with consideration of his position as a member of the Defense organization which is commanded by the President."

Finally came McElroy's word to the wise, supported by the Commander in Chief: "I would think if a man of integrity and conscience felt so strongly opposed to the basic policies of his organization that he could not effectively discharge his responsibilities, he would so advise his superiors. I know that is what I would do." In sum, uniformed opponents and Administration officers were on notice: if you don't want to come along, wash up, get your pay and get out.

Sprouting out of the New York *Times* one morning last week was a full-page advertisement that showed a mushroom cloud, huge, horrific, indistinct. WE MUST POSTPONE OUR COMING TESTS, proclaimed the ad's sponsor, an organization called the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy—ACT NOW FOR MAN'S SAKE. The way to do that, said the committee, was to 1) write President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon; 2) write Congressmen, editors and commentators; 3) "organize a group" or work with existing groups "in your community." The point to make: the U.S.'s summer series of nuclear weapons tests at Eniwetok Atoll in the Pacific ought to be suspended right now. "Scientists warn," the committee warned, "that thousands of babies will be malformed because of tests to date . . . We must stop the contamination of the air, the milk children drink, the food we eat . . ."

Even more imposing than the committee's mushroom cloud was the committee's list of well-heeled and influential supporters. Among the signers of the Sane Nuclear Policy declaration: Committee Co-Chairman Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*; former Democratic National Committeewoman India Edwards;

Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich; Author Lewis Mumford; the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor emeritus of Manhattan's Riverside Church; Pollster Elmo Roper; National Farmers Union Boss James G. Patton (who runs N.C.S.N.P. material free in N.F.U. publications); Sociologist David (*The Lonely Crowd*) Riesman; Librettist Oscar (*South Pacific*) Hammerstein II; and the committee's scientific anchor man, Caltech's busy chemist and busy politician, Dr. Linus Carl Pauling, lifelong supporter of Communist-line fronts,* whose ideology was never noticeably shaken by the suppression inside the Soviet Union for years of his own Nobel Prizewinning discovery about the resonance theory of chemical bonds. Among the signers of an earlier nuclear policy committee declaration and still standing foursquare behind the mushroom-cloud ad: Alabama's Rev. Martin Luther King.

Surrender Is Better. As is customary before U.S. nuclear tests but rarely before U.S.S.R. nuclear tests, various mutations of the anti-nuclear movement were burgeoning worldwide. In West Germany the organization was the Fight Against

* "Professor Pauling," reported the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1951, "has not deviated a hairbreadth from this pattern of loyalty to the Communist cause since 1946."



RUSSELL



MUMFORD



FOSDICK



ROPER



KING

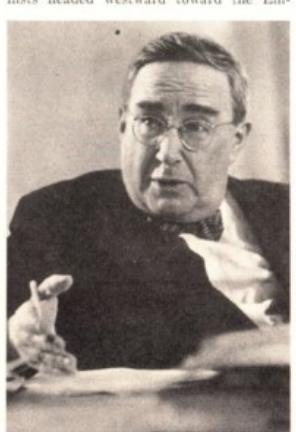


TOVNBE

. . . or dupes of the enemies of liberty?

Atomic Death. In Japan it was the Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs. In London the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament mustered up a 50-mile protest march to Britain's atomic-weapons research center at Aldermaston. The marchers' inspiration, dinned in mass meetings and magazine articles, was the view of Philosopher Bertrand Russell and Writer Philip Toynbee, son of the famed historian, that nuclear disarmament will probably bring Communist domination, but that domination is preferable to the prospect of nuclear war. The London *Daily Telegraph*, speaking for millions of Britons, called the demonstrators "a motley."

Meanwhile, across the Pacific, four pacifists headed westward toward the Eniwetok.



Al Rabinowitch
EDITOR RABINOWITCH
Passed the tests.

Eniwetok Proving Grounds aboard the ketch *Golden Rule*, sponsored by the pacifist-led Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons Committee. The Atomic Energy Commission barred unauthorized U.S. citizens, meaning the pacifists, from the proving grounds. But the pacifists warned everybody via ship-to-shore radio that they meant to sail on after a stopover at Honolulu for supplies, "come what may." And the U.S. Navy quietly made ready to tow them out of the danger zone if necessary.

Tests Are Best. At one point in the uproar, the New York *Daily News* paid its respects to the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee signatories: "Far be it from us to charge the above-named persons with consciously trying to do a job for the Kremlin. We merely think that as regards nuclear weapons tests they are as nutty as so many fruitcakes."

Even famed Physical Chemist Eugene Rabinowitch, editor of the authoritative *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and longtime believer in controlled disarmament, now thought that in the wake of

Russian missile successes "one finds no convincing reason to oppose tests needed to develop defensive atomic weapons with reduced fallout." Harry Truman added characteristically: "Propaganda and unilateral declarations of intent will allay no one's fears . . ."

But the folks who listened to the horror stories without listening to evidence of fallout, to say nothing of survival (*TIME*, April 7), the religious-minded who doubted that the ends of liberty and peace justified the means of nuclear deterrence, were all stepping up the pressure as the crucial Eniwetok tests drew nigh. It seemed to matter not at all that this was precisely what the sworn enemies of religion, liberty and peace itself were telling them to do.

Operation Hardtack

Operation Hardtack, the U.S. nuclear test program at Eniwetok, will get under way this week, weather permitting. Already 10,000 men, 100 ships and 120 aircraft of Air Force Major General Alvin Lueddecke's Joint Task Force Seven are deployed around Eniwetok's dazzling white coral atolls at the heart of a 390,000-sq.-mi. mid-Pacific "danger zone." From April through August Task Force Seven expects to set off 26 to 30 nuclear explosions, ranging from 50 kilotons to several megatons, from test towers, in mid-air and beneath the sea. Programmed highlights:

¶ The Navy's first nuclear depth-charge blasts at deep level to establish kill potential against deeply submerged enemy submarines, also at shallow-level to develop new-type attack against surface vessels. Target: a guinea-pig fleet of three destroyers, a submarine, a merchantman and ten barges.

¶ The U.S.'s first test-firing and test-explosion of a nuclear-tipped ballistic missile at 100-mile-plus altitude to determine how a nuclear fireball will act in space's near-vacuum, an experiment preliminary to the building of an anti-missile missile. (The Russians test-exploited their first atomic missile, U.S. intelligence believes, at 60-mile altitude above Siberia last winter.)

¶ The President's much-heralded show-piece shot of a new-type "clean" bomb, designed to reduce fallout and for use against military targets in limited war.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Summit & Scientists

President Eisenhower popped off a "Dear Mr. Chairman" letter to the Kremlin's Khrushchev one day last week to propound a new practical approach to getting something done about disarmament. The new idea: a joint U.S.-U.S.S.R. technical study on how to conduct an inspection of any suspension of nuclear tests or suspension of nuclear war production in case some agreement might be reached at a parley at the summit.

The President rested his initiative on some new findings by his new Science Advisory Committee headed by Presiden-

tial Adviser James Killian. Net of the findings: international inspection, though not foolproof, is feasible, and more than 25 international inspection teams roaming the U.S., another 25 or 50 roaming the U.S.S.R., ought to be able to do the job.

"I think in this whole area we have to realize that certain risks must be taken," said Secretary of State Dulles at his news conference. "There are risks if you do and risks if you don't. One has to balance the risks on one side and the other." And the best word at week's end was that the U.S., caught between necessities of defense and heavy pressure to placate "world opinion," intended to strike a balance of 1) pressing home this year's Eniwetok nuclear-weapons tests come clatter, come what may; but 2) considering, after Eniwetok, whether to follow Khrushchev's lead by declaring future U.S. nuclear tests suspended. Said the President at his news conference: "I would certainly consider it very seriously at that point."

Pen Pals

"There is a slight gain, perhaps," cracked Secretary Dulles one day last week. "The last letter from Mr. Khrushchev is approximately one-third of the length of the last letter from Bulganin." Latest exchanges of the months-old correspondence on a parley at the summit:

¶ The Western proposal, two weeks ago, that ambassadors get together this month to set up a foreign ministers' meeting "to bring out possibilities of agreement";

¶ The Khrushchev answer, last week, that ambassadors ought to fix only housekeeping details, that foreign ministers ought to talk only about substantive matters "by common agreement," i.e., subject to Communist veto, and ratify a summit meeting regardless of disagreements;

¶ The Eisenhower rejoinder, at week's end, that K.'s latest was "manifestly not an acceptance," backed up by the overall position that the U.S. is not interested in any summit propaganda spectacle, only in serious negotiations.

THE ECONOMY

If the Shoe Fits

"I see no figures that bring this thing to a critical point," said the President of the U.S. when he was asked at his news conference last week whether he would press for an immediate tax cut. As Ike and questioners well knew, the March unemployment figures (*see BUSINESS*) showed a 25,000 rise in the jobless to a 17-year high of 5,198,000. At the same time, the number of people working rose by 323,000 to 62,311,000, which was only 2.4% below March 1957's 63,865,000 all-time high for the month.

Then if Ike was not for a tax cut to cure the recession, did he have some advice to offer the people on how they could make it recede?

The President's reply: "Buy."

"Buy what?" inquired a reporter.

"Anything," said the President, adding after another question, "I don't say you should buy carelessly. I said to you the

other day, let's be selective in our buying. Look here, once America just buys the things it wants, our people, our manufacturers, will be busy making those things.

"I personally think our people are just a little bit disenchanted by a few items that have been chucked down their throats, and they are getting tired of them; and I think it would be a very good thing when the manufacturers wake up—and I am not going to name names—and begin to give the things we want instead of the things they think we want. Now that is what I think."

At week's end the comment on buyer disenchantment was nowhere causing greater anguish than in Detroit. Motor moguls assumed that the President was talking at them, thereby giving further currency to charges that new cars are overstyled, oversized and overpriced. With sales running 1.2 million behind 1957 and inventories continuing to pile up, the President's comments, said one Detroit automaker, were "grossly unfair."

THE CONGRESS

Seat of Authority

Many a Senator and Representative, echoing the sentiments of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, have come to believe that Capitol Hill is the real seat of authority in the era of a benign President. This week the benign President reached down Pennsylvania Avenue to needle the Capitol seat of authority.

"On March 24, I recommended to the Congress enactment of legislation to provide the temporary continuation of unemployment compensation benefits for workers who had exhausted their benefits under state and federal laws," said the President. "I said at that time that prompt action was necessary to give these workers and their families a greater measure of security." This is not a matter of statistics or economic theory. It concerns people—human beings—who need, and should have, the assistance of their government.

"I hope that the members of the Congress will move as swiftly as possible on this vital program when they return to Washington. All of us in government have a special responsibility to act to alleviate the hardships which are being suffered, through no fault of their own, by these workers and their families."

REPUBLICANS

We or They?

When he puts his mind to it, President Eisenhower can make a rousing partisan speech with the best of them. But in his day-to-day dealings, Ike is so coolly detached from GOPartisanship that the party bosses shiver. Last week their teeth chattered at this piece of cool detachment during the presidential news conference:

Q. Mr. President, would you care to assess the Republican chances in the '58 campaign as of now?

A. No. (Laughter). I would say this: they can win if they will work hard and intelligently.

ARMED FORCES

Red Subs Ahoy

Russia's long-range submarines are routinely feeling out the U.S.'s antisubmarine defense and detection networks well within missile range of Atlantic coast cities. The no-nonsense evidence of Russian penetration, as presented by the Navy to the House Armed Services Committee, is a remarkable batch of photographs of Russian W class and other class submarines on the surface near Cape Hatteras, N.C., Narragansett Bay, R.I. and more generally "in Atlantic waters" (see cut). Russia's long-range submarines—perhaps about half of the 500-sub Red fleet—apparently make a point of staying outside the three-mile limit, thus exert their legal right to watch such U.S. coastal phenomena as missile tests at Cape Canaveral, thus present the

citizens broke the silence with a brave try. He was Herbert L. Thomas Sr., 59, public-spirited millionaire founder of the First Pyramid Life Insurance Co. of America, who by Arkansas standards is regarded as a sound moderate in race relations. In 1948, while chairman of the University of Arkansas trustees, Thomas got a phone call warning him that a young Negro war veteran was on his way to apply for admission to the law school. He made the decision to let him in and thereby made Arkansas the first of the old Confederate states to break the college color bar. Subsequently, all of Arkansas' eight tax-supported colleges let down the bars, and by last fall eight towns and cities, other than Little Rock, opened their public schools to Negroes.

Thomas' plan for getting things going again in Little Rock: 1) Negroes would



U.S. Navy
NAVY PHOTO OF RUSSIAN W CLASS SUBMARINE "IN ATLANTIC WATERS"
Trailed by sonar, radar, camera and the Mark I eyeball.

U.S. Navy a legal opportunity to test anti-submarine hunter-killer techniques of sonar, radar, camera and what Navymen call "the Mark I eyeball" on real, live Red Star targets. Extent of U.S. submarine activity off Russia's shores: not known but presumably reciprocal.

ARKANSAS

A Plan for Little Rock

In the seven months since federal troops went into Little Rock to enforce the law that Governor Orval Faubus had defied, there has been grim silence between opposing forces in the Central High School battle. The moderates lost ground because the Justice Department backed down from its threat to prosecute the rioters. The segregationists settled down to snipe at harassed school officials who tried to abide by the federal court's order to admit nine Negroes to Central High, and keep classes going. And while, on the strength of the hate and confusion he had sown, Governor Orval Faubus rode nearer and nearer to his goal of a third term, nobody seriously tried to put Little Rock back together again.

Last week one of Little Rock's leading

withdraw all pending integration suits in Arkansas; 2) segregationists would stop harassing Negro students at Central High; 3) with the approval of federal court, a biracial commission would be named to meet with each local school board and help it work out its own program for meeting the Supreme Court's 1954 order to integrate "all deliberate speed." Starting time for the new "voluntary progress" plan: the opening of school next fall.

Eloquent Appeal. The extremists were sarcastic. Sneered a leading segregationist: "A beautiful thought of everybody loving everybody else." Negro leaders welcomed the plan as evidence that contact has been re-established between whites and Negroes, but said they were opposed in principle. The *Arkansas Gazette*, which has been threatened and boycotted for its anti-Faubus stand, praised the plan in a Page One editorial as an "eloquent . . . appeal for a return to reason and good will." Mr. Thomas recognizes that any settlement must be in accordance with the law—or, more precisely, within the broad tenets of an interpretation of the U.S. Constitution with which most Arkansans dissent. Yet he believes, as

THE NEGRO CRIME RATE: A FAILURE IN INTEGRATION

THEY are afraid to say so in public, but many of the North's big-city mayors groan in private that their biggest and most worrisome problem is the crime rate among Negroes.

In 1,551 U.S. cities, according to the FBI tally for 1956, Negroes, making up 10% of the U.S. population, accounted for about 30% of all arrests, and 60% of the arrests for crimes involving violence or threat of bodily harm—murder, non-negligent manslaughter, rape, robbery and aggravated assault. In one city after another, the figures—where they are not hidden or suppressed by politicians—reveal a shocking pattern. Items:

New York (14% Negro). Of the prisoners confined in houses of detention last year to await court disposition of their cases, 44% of the males and 65% of the females were Negroes.

Chicago (15% Negro). In 1956 twice as many Negroes as whites—1,366 to 679—were arrested on charges of murder, non-negligent manslaughter, rape and robbery.

Detroit (25% Negro). Two out of three prisoners held in the Wayne County jail are Negroes. Last month 62% of the defendants presented for trial in Recorder's Court were Negroes. Of last year's 25,216 arrests resulting in prosecution, excluding traffic cases, Negroes accounted for 12,919.

Los Angeles (13% Negro). In 1956 Negroes accounted for 28% of all arrests, and 48% of the arrests for homicide, rape, aggravated assault, robbery, burglary, larceny and auto theft.

San Francisco (7% Negro). The victims in 896 of last year's 1,564 recorded robbery cases reported that the assailants were Negroes.

Negro leaders sometimes argue passionately that arrest statistics wildly distort the comparative incidence of crime among Negroes and whites because cops are more likely to arrest Negroes for petty crimes or on mere suspicion. Protest Executive Editor Charles Wartman of Detroit's *Michigan Chronicle*, a Negro weekly: "The number of Negroes booked is at least partially indicative of subconscious if not conscious racial persecution on the part of police officers."

But inequality of treatment by the police may actually tend to shrink rather than inflate the statistics of Negro crime. Says Newsman Wartman in the next breath: "When Negroes violate social morals—sex, drinking, gambling—white cops bypass this as 'typically Negro.' Many Negro leaders protest that the police are far from diligent enough in dealing with crimes committed against Negroes—and Negroes are the victims in the great majority of Negro crimes of violence. Since Negroes, even when they are victims or innocent bystanders, are often wary of calling the police, many offenses of disorder and assault go unreported when committed by Negroes in the depths of a ghetto."

Whether the statistics of Negro crime overstate or understate the reality, they are shrouded from public attention by what a Chicago judge last week called a "conspiracy of concealment." In many cities, Negro leaders and organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People put pressure on politicians, city officials and newspapers to play down the subject. Fearing loss of Negro votes, few elected officials dare to resist the pressures.

Abetting the concealment campaign is the feeling shared by many whites that it is unfair, inflammatory and even un-American to talk about Negro crime. This feeling is reflected in the widespread newspaper practice of not mentioning a criminal's race unless he is at large and the fact would help in identifying him.

In hiding the facts about Negro crime, the "conspiracy of

concealment" helps blur the causes of it. Negro leaders themselves often put forward explanations that are oversimplified. Some hold that Negro crime is largely the result of migrations from the South: in the unfamiliar environment of the North, the argument runs, Negroes tend to be more crime-prone, just like white immigrants from abroad. But in fact, some studies have shown that, contrary to popular conviction, crime rates among foreign-born whites were lower than among U.S.-born whites.

Most often, Negro leaders point to poverty as the No. 1 factor in Negro crime. As Editor Louis Martin of the *Chicago Defender* sees it, the main cause is poor and crowded housing. But the moderate crime rates among European immigrants, subject to similar stresses of poverty and bad housing, suggest that other factors may be more important.

Providing better housing for impoverished Negroes is a necessity, but it would not solve the problem of Negro crime. Crime rates run high in the Negro slums of Harlem and South Side Chicago, but they also run high in the Negro districts of Los Angeles and San Francisco, where the houses are comparatively decent. As many a public-housing official has learned to his dismay, better housing does not automatically bring about the improvement in character and conduct that do-gooders used to predict. Slum dwellers who move into brand-new public-housing projects often turn them into new slums as verminous and crime-ridden as the tenements they left behind.

Negro leadership could make a start toward lowering Negro crime rates by abandoning the conspiracy of concealment and urging full disclosure of the facts to be met. Once they faced the facts, Negro leaders and organizations—including the N.A.A.C.P.—could help by wholeheartedly undertaking short-term efforts of rehabilitation, by accepting responsibility in an area where they habitually look the other way.

But even heroic efforts by Negro leadership could only dent the Negro crime problem, because essentially it is a white problem. And it will remain a severe problem until Northern whites, private citizens as well as civic officials, recognize that Negro crime is basically a symptom of a failure in integration, and start attacking discrimination in the North with the same fervor they show in arguing for civil rights in the South.

Unlike the Caucasian immigrant of an earlier day, a Negro can scarcely ever hope, even in the North, that the white society will really accept him on his human merits. Negroes are more prone than whites to break the laws, rules and customs of society because they are excluded from full membership in it. In gross and subtle ways, from unwritten bans on employing Negroes to the faintly patronizing tone that even liberal-hearted whites take toward them, Negroes are made to feel alien and inferior. This pervasive discrimination holds down capable Negroes at the top of the social ladder, dims their voices among their own people, builds up tensions and resentments inside the Negro society, and keeps great masses of Negroes segregated in ghettos where the standards of personal morality, discipline and responsibility are lower than those in the white world outside.

"Slam enough doors in a man's face, and he may break one of them down," said San Francisco's Negro Deputy City Attorney R. J. Reynolds last week. The way to reduce the percentage of Negro crime, he believes, is to stop slamming the doors, or at least, as a start, give the Negro a new hope that maybe the next door won't be slammed. Spreading the message of that new hope, he says, is a responsibility that Negro leaders will be very glad to assume.

does this newspaper, that it is possible to meet the new legal conditions without any real dislocation of the social patterns under which the two races have always lived." If successful, said the *Gazette*, the Thomas plan could return Arkansas to paths of progress from which the state was diverted by "the tragic events of last September."

But once again, results depended on Orval Faubus. Though Thomas paid a courtesy call on Faubus last month, in the hope that Faubus would pass the word on to the State Board of Education, or at least submit the plan to federal court, the governor last week held off permission. Once again there was strong suspicion that the last thing Orval Faubus wants is any kind of solution before he has cinched his third term.

PENNSYLVANIA

The New Twist

By shaping a doughless pretzel plant at Reading, Pa. (pop. 111,700) into the biggest pretzely in the U.S., Arthur T. McGonigle in 25 years kneaded a reputation as "the man who took the pretzel out of the bar and put it into the kitchen." Last week friendly, self-made Art McGonigle, 51, was touring Pennsylvania on another assignment with a more complicated twist. This November Pennsylvanians elect another governor. And Pennsylvania Republicans bank on McGonigle as a dark-horse G.O.P. candidate who can take their ragged organization out of the doldrums and put it once again into a position of power and patronage in Democrt-held Harrisburg.

Before he takes on the Democrats, Amateur McGonigle, the G.O.P. organization candidate, must take on Old Professional Harold Stassen, the amateurs' candidate, in the May 20 primary. Eased out as President Eisenhower's disarmament adviser, ten-year Pennsylvania Resident Stassen (he was president of the University of Pennsylvania from 1948 to 1952) returned home, ignored taunts of "carpetbagger," solicited endorsement as the party's candidate for governor. He was rebuffed by the unanimous decision of 67 Republican county chairmen. Nevertheless, he filed. Then he set out like a dogged underdog to sniff out anti-organization Republican little wheels, to capitalize on his name and fame by charming the ladies' clubs and the luncheon circuit. Touring solemnly from town to town in his green Edsel sedan, Stassen, 51, made it evident that he had lost little of the precinct prowess that once (1938) elected him governor of Minnesota.

Homemade Gingerbread. What candidate McGonigle lacks in political experience he makes up in genial man-to-man manner. Born of Scotch-Irish Methodist parents in Kane, Pa., McGonigle worked his way through Kane High and Temple University, was a General Foods driver-salesman until he took charge at \$30 a week of the shaky Bachman Pretzel Bakery in Reading, and began rocketing its output with automatic pretzel benders

and cellophane packages. Last year G.O.P. State Chairman George Bloom, trying to salvage something of the G.O.P. wreckage left by the Grundy and Fine machines, persuaded Pretzel King McGonigle to become the party's finance chairman, was elated when McGonigle soon brought the organization out of the red.

McGonigle took the finance job on condition that he never be named for elective office. But one evening in March, while he and wife Cordelia munched homemade gingerbread and gulped raspberry Jell-O in the kitchen of their Sinking Spring home outside Reading, the telephone rang. Casting about for a fresh face for this year's political war, the G.O.P. steering committee had chosen his



Pittsburgh Press
THE MCGONIGLES & VOTERS
With salty pretzels, a fresh face.

as the freshest. McGonigle accepted, then began beating across Pennsylvania in a tan Oldsmobile station wagon to make the face better known and to express outspoken views; e.g., he would, as governor, veto a right-to-work law; he would also probably have to raise taxes to meet increasing costs and commitments.

Helping Harold Home. Pennsylvania pundits are still uncertain how the May 20 Republican primary will swing. Organization Man McGonigle is favored, but harried Harold Stassen has an outside chance because: 1) his name is better known; 2) also in the race is former State Secretary of Internal Affairs William S. Livengood Jr., who might skim off McGonigle votes. Regardless of who wins, the Republican path in November will be bumpier than a well-salted pretzel. Already picked as Democratic harmony candidate is skyscraper-building, machine-oiling Pittsburgh Mayor David Leo Lawrence, whose skill at both tasks (TIME, Nov. 4) makes him Pennsylvania's most powerful political boss.

HOLLYWOOD

The Bad & the Beautiful

Can a simple girl from a mining town in Idaho find happiness as a glamorous movie queen? To popeyed newspaper readers sated vicariously with this tired story line, the answer struck last week with the finality of a chord of doom: no—in the case of one queen in particular. The chord rumbled for Lana Turner, the Sweater Girl whose feckless pursuit of happiness became men's-room talk from Sunset Boulevard to Fleet Street, and for her shaken, 14-year-old daughter Cheryl, who stabbed Lana's paramour, Johnny Stompanato (TIME, April 14). Last week a coroner's inquest declared Cheryl's act justifiable homicide, but this decision hardly lessened the sociological impact of a news story that began 22 years ago.

The Star. Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner was a pressagent's dream ready-made for stardom by Hollywood standards. Her father was killed in a gambling scrape when she was ten; her mother struggled to keep her alive. In Hollywood one day, when she was a well-stacked 16, she was "discovered" as she sat at a drugstore fountain. Hollywood gave her the big buildup. Renamed Lana, she made movies with the biggest of the box-office giants—Gable, Taylor, Cooper—and nobody, least of all the customers, cared if she was not a second Sarah Bernhardt.

As a high-priced commodity, Lana found herself surrounded by people whose paychecks depended on how sincerely they could convince her that she was talented, beautiful and successful. Her enormous salary seemed to be ample proof. Lana scarcely needed to make a decision of her own; the studio did it for her.

The Crowd. Like many other show folk in Hollywood, Lana liked to run with the hoodlum crowd that sprouted into semi-respectability in moviedom after World War II. High up in the crowd was a runty gambler named Mickey Cohen. To the movie folk, gum-chomping Mick typified a real-life heavy out of their own films; for the Mick to invite a star to his table in a swank joint seemed as thrilling for the guest as it would be if a rubberneck tourist were asked to drink with Lana Turner. The Mick and his crowd just loved it.

And wanton Lana just loved one of the Mick's boys, olive-skinned, handsome Johnny Stompanato. A small-town boy with big ideas, Johnny was a preening gigolo, brushed his black hair thick and wavy, wore his shiny silk shirts open all the way down to his navel. He was also the fast-buck type, who, police well knew, built his bankroll by making time with thrill-seeking wealthy women, borrowed their money, rarely paid it back. Lana took Johnny in tow, paid his bills, flashed around the town on his muscular arm. When she flew to London last September to make a new picture, she and Johnny exchanged impassioned love letters.

My beloved love (she wrote), just this morning your precious exciting letter arrived. Every line warms me and makes



Associated Press

ACTRESS TURNER (LOWER RIGHT) WITH LAWYER GIESLER
Can a simple girl find happiness as a queen?

me ache and miss you each tiny moment.
It's beautiful—yet terrible . . . I'm your
woman and I need you, my man! To love
and be loved by—don't ever, even doubt
or forget that! My romance, hah! It's
a hell of a lot more than that! That's
for sure. I need to touch you, feel your
tenderness and your strength. To hold
you in my arms, so, so close—to cuddle
you sweetly—and then to be completely
smothered in your arms, and kisses, oh,
so many kisses!

Johnny-Come-Lately. Back in Hollywood, Johnny cannily saved the letters. His own notes were fourth-grader's work; many of them, laboriously scratched in copy books, were never sent, e.g.: You

know Baby, I'm so lonesome for the touch
of you I could die. I try to think back of
when you were here and those precious
minutes I wasted when my lips were not
on yours.

Johnny wasted no time. One day he turned up in London to keep Lana company. But by then, Lana Turner was wearying of Johnny, and Johnny was too tough to let himself be discarded. They fought. Once he nearly strangled her, grabbed a razor and threatened to cut her face. Lana's studio friends heard about it, got Scotland Yard to get Johnny out of the country.

Lana's fear was clear, and it led to Johnny Stompanato's death a month later. When it happened, all Hollywood broke loose. Newspapers all over the U.S. poured on the black ink and the big type, scrambled wildly for the kind of news that would keep the public buying. They found it. Two-fisted Aggie Underwood, 55, city editor of Hearst's *Herald-Express* (and only woman city editor of a U.S. metropolitan paper), decided that there must have been some love letters. She called Mickey Cohen, who took Johnny Stompanato's death as a personal affront. Cohen's hoods raided Johnny's expensive Los Angeles apartment, found the letters. The Mick turned them over to Aggie. In a few more hours, Lana and Johnny were splashed on the world's front pages for a second performance.

The Showdown. Lana still had one more performance to give. At the Los Angeles Hall of Records, onlookers crowded the corridors to get a glimpse of the drama, oohed and aahed as the principals threaded into the courtroom. Cheryl, detained in juvenile prison, testified by deposition that the last fight between Johnny and her mother arose after Lana learned that Johnny had lied about his age: he was really 32, not 42, as he had said.

Lana, 38, was now determined this time to give him the air.

Taking the stand, in the final scene, Lana told the rest: "He was verbally very violent . . . and I walked into my daughter's room . . . Mr. Stompanato was behind me all the time saying some very bad things . . . I said, 'I told you I don't want to argue in front of the baby.' [Back in my bedroom] Mr. Stompanato grabbed my arm, shook me . . . said, as he told me before, no matter what I did or how I tried to get away he would never let me. If he said 'jump' I would jump, and if he said 'hop' I would hop . . . or he would cut my face or cripple me . . . that he would kill me and my daughter and my mother."

Frightened, Cheryl fled to the kitchen, headed for her mother's room with a knife. "I walked toward the bedroom door," said Lana. "He was right behind me. And I opened it and my daughter came in. I swear it was so fast, I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach . . . I never saw a blade."

The End. Lana's desperation rang true, but even a Hollywood scenario might have missed the final touch that came when a man in the courtroom stood and shouted: "This whole thing's a pack of lies. Johnny Stompanato was my friend! The daughter was in love with him and he was killed because of jealousy between mother and daughter!" Then, as an afterthought before he wheeled and stomped out of the room, the man cried: "Johnny Stompanato was a gentleman!"

But Johnny was dead. Lana was still alive; a judge would decide soon whether she would lose custody of her only child. Julia Jean Turner had come a long way in the make-believe wonderland of Hollywood—where moviemakers are confident that the Sweater Girl is now bigger box office than ever.



International

DAUGHTER CHERYL (WITH MATRON)
No.



Associated Press

MOBSTER COHEN
No.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

A Letter from Ike

Behind the glass doors of Paris' Elysée Palace one day last week, France's Cabinet wrangled for a record eleven hours. Twice during the discussion angry right-wing ministers stalked out to unburden their grievances in private audiences with France's genial President René Coty, who well knew that if they quit, it would be his job to find another Premier. While Coty did his best to smooth their feathers, harried Félix Gaillard, France's youngest (38) ruler since Napoleon Bonaparte, stalked the corridors of the Elysée palace, nervously lighting one Gitane cigarette off another.

cause of this stormy marathon was, as usual, France's most divisive topic: Algeria. When a French Premier wants to take a necessary but unpopular step, he usually waits until the French Assembly is in recess so that he cannot be thrown out of office immediately. But the right-wingers in his Cabinet, who oppose any concessions in Algeria, were committed to quit in a body if Gaillard misstepped, and thus even in parliamentary recess his hands were tied.

Ready to Fail. The issue was whether to let the Anglo-American "good-offices" mission fail. For seven weeks, since the French aerial bombing of the Tunisian village of Sakiet-Sidi-Yousef (TIME, Feb. 17), U.S. Diplomatic Troubleshooter Robert Murphy and Britain's Harold Beeley had been trying to mediate the quarrel between France and Tunisia. They cleared away many brambles, but on one point no agreement seemed possible. Keenly aware that his own people would almost certainly repudiate him if he shut off all aid to the Algerian rebels, Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba flatly refused a French proposal of a neutral commission to patrol the Algerian-Tunisian frontier. France's right-wing Independents, clinging blindly to the conviction that France can and must suppress the Algerian rebellion, were equally insistent that, if Bourguiba refused, France must reopen its complaint against Tunisia in the U.N. Security Council, even if the East River air should be rent by abuse.

By early last week even some of Good Officer Murphy's assistants were privately calling the good-offices mission a failure. Then came a personal letter for Félix Gaillard. The writer: Dwight Eisenhower. Its reported contents: an appeal to Gaillard to give the good-offices mission another chance—a warning that the U.S. does not want to be forced to choose between France and Tunisia. Diplomatically as it was phrased, President Eisenhower's letter was a clear threat that, if France took its quarrel with Bourguiba to the U.N., the U.S. would do nothing to avert the one thing the French dread—a full-dress Security Council debate on the Algerian war.

After Sundown. The effect of this "friendly warning" on the Gaillard government was electric. When the crucial Cabinet meeting opened at 9 a.m., right-wing ministers were breathing heavily over U.S. "interference in French affairs," adamantly proclaiming their determination to resign rather than agree to "excessive concessions" to Tunisia. But two hours after sundown, when liveried footmen finally flung open the doors to mark the end of the session, florid right-wing Agriculture Minister Roland Boscary-Monsservin told waiting reporters: "There

POLAND

The Communist Unemployed

A month ago, chuckling gleefully over the U.S. recession, Russia's Nikita Khrushchev trotted out a timeworn Communist taunt: "Unemployment is the inevitable companion of capitalism." Last week, in the "workers' paradise" constructed by the Reds in Poland, laboring men were learning that unemployment can be a companion of Communism too.

Hewing religiously to Moscow blueprints, the Polish Communists had tried



International

PREMIER GAILLARD & WIFE AT SOCCER MATCH
Behind the palace doors, a deadlier game.

have been no resignations. The government has reached a decision in principle."

The decision: France will resume negotiations with Tunisia, but "reserves for itself the right to bring problems concerning control of the Algerian-Tunisian border before an international body." In plain French, this meant that, although France might yet take its case to the Security Council, the charge would be temporarily phrased and would not include any demand for U.N. "condemnation" of Bourguiba.

On Guard. Thanks to Ike's intervention, the good-offices mission had won a reprieve, but neither it nor Félix Gaillard was yet out of the woods. In exchange for their agreement to renewed negotiations with Bourguiba, the right-wingers had obliged Gaillard to call the National Assembly back two weeks early from its Easter vacation to pass judgment on the new policy. This week France's parliamentarians converged on Paris, ready to make sure that no French Premier retreated one step from their determination to seek a military solution in Algeria, at whatever cost.

to industrialize Poland overnight. To staff new factories, they drew hundreds of thousands of unskilled peasants off the land, padded the payrolls with thousands of Poland's aged who were unable to live on their pensions. Before long, state-owned enterprises employed 6,800,000 workers—about 1,500,000 more than they could use efficiently. This did not bother the planners. "In the past," concedes a functionary of the Nowa Huta steelworks, "our managers thought that the more workers we had, the more steel we would produce."

As any capitalist could have warned, things did not turn out that way. At the Zeran auto plant, 8,000 workers are currently building 15,000 cars a year (U.S. auto workers in a good year produce ten cars or more per man). At Nowa Huta, 18,000 workers last year turned out 984,000 tons of steel. Shrugs one Polish Red: "We might as well admit it—in Poland the average worker produced less than 55 tons of steel last year; in West Germany he produced 140 tons."

Irreverent Remedy. At the Eleventh Plenum of Poland's Communist United Worker's Party two months ago, tough-

minded Wladyslaw Gomulka, who rose to power partially on the strength of his outspoken criticism of his predecessors' economic bungling, argued that impoverished Poland could no longer afford such inefficiency. His remedy: mass dismissal of surplus, lazy and unskilled workmen. In effect, he tacitly confessed that the price of Communist full employment is intolerably low productivity and a uniform level of poverty. A handful of hardcore Stalinists who have never reconciled themselves to Gomulka's lack of reverence for Russian economic and political practice fought the proposal bitterly, but in the end Gomulka carried the day. At Nowa Huta 800 men have already been fired, and another 3,000 will be laid off during the next year. Hundreds of other Polish factories plan similar cuts.

Putting the best possible face on the firings, Poland's economic bosses emphasize that there are fields in which labor is short in Poland—coal mining, construction, public transport. These will provide jobs for some of the displaced workers; others will probably return to the farm or find work in the devastated and unpopular western provinces that Poland got from Germany at the end of World War II. But the cold fact remains that the government apparently plans the dismissal of 200,000 to 300,000 workers for whom there will be no other jobs anywhere.

"Is It Fitting?" Sense-making as it may be economically, Gomulka's new policy is full of political bear traps. Unlike most satellite rulers, Gomulka holds power not because the Russians support him, but because the Polish people do: he is the most independent Communist the Poles can hope for. Unless he paces his firings carefully, his attempt to run Polish industry on a rational basis may well cost him much of his domestic popularity. Last week on the walls of Nowa Huta appeared the scrawled slogan: "Workers against dismissal!" In a letter to the editor of the party paper *Slowo Ludu*, one worker plaintively inquired: "Is it fitting to discharge workers? Does one act this way in a Socialist system?"

COMMUNISTS

Is That Bad?

His talk was like a stream, which runs With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

—The Vicar,

by Winthrop Praed (1802-39)

Nikita Khrushchev may write shorter letters than Bulganin, but he talks longer, oftener, and with more asides, anecdotes, wit and rhetorical questions than any other head of state. Last week, back in Moscow from eight days of spellbinding in Hungary, Khrushchev mounted a rostrum in Luzhniki Sports Palace, apologetically for a strained throat, and then went

at it for 45 minutes, getting more laughs and a bigger hand from his hometown audience than he got for all of his speechifying before numbed Hungarians.

Some excerpts from Nikita's logorrheal week in Hungary and at home:

¶ On President Eisenhower's "open skies" proposal: "They say, 'Let us fly over your country and you fly over ours.' But we don't want to fly over your country, and you don't want you to be here. Is that bad?"

¶ On Western protests that the Soviet Union was offering "too little" in its proposals for reducing armed forces in the satellites and Western Europe: "Well, listen! 'Little!' The only thing you will be satisfied with is the end of the Soviet system, that it should no longer exist. Well, we would like to see the end of capitalism, too. But that is not in our

to hurt anyone's national feelings. Americans, British—all are good people."

¶ On the Hungarian "counter-revolution": "You Hungarians were careless in not noticing the coming of the counter-revolution until it was on your doorstep. We Russians had to crush the counter-revolution, but, as a worker, I must say that you Hungarians should not stand around like fools with your mouths open. Don't be offended. You slept soundly with your fists clenched like children, and when the counter-revolution came, Russia had to help."

¶ On collective farms: "There are some people who join collectives and then are sorry afterward. I suppose that, just as in the Soviet Union, women are more responsible for that sentiment than men. It reminds me of a Russian peasant whose wife had not backed him in joining a collective. The peasant told me: 'Not until I broke a couple of sticks over her back did she see the correctness of my position.'"

THE PHILIPPINES

A Year After Magsaysay

Like its Washington counterpart, Manila's annual National Press Club Gridiron show is enlivened by roasting the politicians in the audience. But never before had Manila's jesting correspondents gone so far in impertinence. The curtain rose on a scratching, underwear-clad figure representing President Carlos Garcia during last year's election campaign. A Chinese constituent, loaded down with pesos, came onstage and said he was "very happy that good friend Garcia running for President." Garcia stoutly protested that he never took bribes. The Chinese was just about to leave in confusion when, from backstage, a figure dressed up to resemble Mrs. Garcia beckoned him—and took away his money.

Diplomats in the audience squirmed uncomfortably. When the skit was over, the real President Garcia tried to pass it off as a joke that proved nothing more than that the Philippine Republic has a truly free press. A free press the nation does have, with a heightened capacity for invective, and the air is usually filled with political cries that everything and everyone is for sale. Only during the three-year presidency of the late, dedicated Ramon Magsaysay was there a notable absence of charges of corruption at Malacanán Palace. Only a little more than a year since President Magsaysay's death in a plane crash, under the stewardship of the undistinguished politician who was his Vice President, the Philippine Republic finds itself in the worst financial shape it has been in since 1949.

While the nation's dollar reserves have plunged from \$225 million to around \$150 million, its trade deficit has soared to \$186 million; its national debt is up to \$800 million, and one-fourth of the labor force is out of work or underemployed. Garcia himself insists placidly, lighting a Chesterfield with a gold lighter, that "things are about back to normal."



Lisa Larsen—Life
KHRUSHCHEV & HUNGARIAN CHILDREN*
 Sticks on the back can be convincing.

power. And it is not in your power to end Communism."

¶ On detection of nuclear explosions: "Scientists of all countries say it is impossible to carry out secret explosions. They would be quickly detected. American statesmen say this is not so. Then, under pressure of their own scientists, they said it was so. Now they again say it is not so."

¶ On rivalry with the U.S.: "What country has the largest number of people getting a higher education? Answer: the Soviet Union. What country sent the first Sputniks into the cosmos? Answer: those were Socialist Sputniks. Who wants to overtake whom in science? Answer: the U.S. would like to overtake the Soviet Union." Then, looking down at LIFE photographer Lisa Larsen, he added: "But don't misunderstand me. There is an American girl standing in front. There may be other Americans, too. I don't want

* Right: new Kremlin Favorite Frol Kozlov.



James Burke—Life

PRESIDENT GARCIA
Tolerance for jokes.

Economists give many reasons for the financial crisis—that the peso is ludicrously overvalued, the government has strained the economy by industrializing too fast, etc. But among other explanations, one pops up with dismaying consistency. Says one Nacionalista member of a Senate committee investigating corruption: "After what this committee has learned, I can safely say that we have in the Philippines today the dirtiest government in the world."

Chits for Cash. While Magsaysay scrupulously refused to accept campaign contributions himself, Garcia let it be known that he would accept contributions personally—or they might be given to his wife, whose financial acumen and taste in jewelry are much admired in Manila. For a long while, permission to withdraw dollar reserves from the Central Bank was granted only when accompanied by chits initialed by Garcia. During his six-month campaign, the bank's dollar reserves dropped \$90 million as a result of heavy but legal withdrawals.

Six weeks after President Magsaysay's death, the new Garcia administration gave an organization called the Philippine Copra Producers' Federation permission to barter copra for foreign goods. The federation, Senate investigators later learned, was merely a front for a naturalized Chinese operator who exported only a fraction of the copra he was supposed to, but managed to reap a tidy \$600,000 profit by selling to Manila merchants his dollar import allocation.

The Garcia administration also took a lively interest in distributing the \$550 million worth of war reparations due from Japan. While delaying nomination of the three-man commission that was supposed by law to handle the reparations, the administration distributed millions itself, and Garcia's secretary refused to turn over his records to Congress.

Shadow Cabinet. Sitting in an outer wing of the presidential palace watching these goings-on is young Vice President, Diosdado Macapagal, a Magsaysay follower who, running on the Liberal ticket, got more votes for Veep than did Nacionalista Garcia for President. Since Macapagal refused to change his party after the election, Garcia barred him from any Cabinet post. Completely isolated ("I only learn what's going on from reading the newspapers"), Macapagal has been subjected to every kind of palace snub. If his air conditioner breaks down, maintenance men take weeks to fix it. When official limousines were handed out, he got a rattletrap that Garcia himself had long ago discarded.

But Macapagal has gathered round him a shadow cabinet of advisers, and set up his own intelligence service in the government. Last week, as President Garcia blithely mapped his strategy for getting another \$300 million from the U.S. during his forthcoming visit to Washington this spring, Macapagal's sleuths began seeking evidence of corruption.

"When we get the necessary evidence assembled," says Macapagal, "we plan to bring criminal charges against this man. And then we will impeach him."

RED CHINA

Peking Duck

Britain extends diplomatic recognition to other nations—as Sir Winston Churchill said, in justifying hasty recognition of the Chinese Communist regime eight years ago—"not to confer a compliment but to secure a convenience." But recognition saved none of Britain's \$840 million of investments in China; and instead of an exchange of ambassadors, Britain has had to be content with a chargé d'affaires



James Burke—Life
FIRST LADY GARCIA
Taste for jewelry.



Associated Press

VICE PRESIDENT MACAPAGAL
Target for snubs.

who got a humiliating run-around in the waiting rooms of Peking bureaucracy.

To the many Britons eager to try again in the phantom hope of restoring a big Chinese trade, British Labor M.P. Harold Wilson, recently back from Peking and a two-hour interview with Premier Chou En-lai, last week reported a significant new bob and duck in the interminable reeling and trolling of the Communist line.

"If Britain were to vote at the U.N. for the admission of the Chinese government and the exclusion of the Chiang Kai-shek representative," Chou En-lai promised to behave better. "It mattered not whether Britain were voted down: probably she would be in a minority," Wilson was told. "But if at any rate her position were made clear, China would immediately agree to the exchange of ambassadors."

Further, reported Wilson, Chou said he had told the leaders of Singapore, "Mr. David Marshall and later Mr. Lim Yew Hock, that he hoped Singapore would, on achieving self-government, remain in the British Commonwealth. He had sent a similar message, through friends of Tengku Abdul Rahman, to Malaya." What was Chou's explanation for this attitude, since it was his Communist agents who, by riot and civil war, had noisily sought to drive the British "imperialists" out of Malaya? "In his view," reported Wilson deadpan, "for these countries to remain attached to their ancient allegiances would be the best guarantee that they would not fall under the influence of the U.S."

JAPAN

The Rising Sun

In his dealings with Americans, Japan's Premier Nobusuke Kishi likes to portray his nation as the one sure bulwark against Asian Communism. He even argues that the U.S. ought to underwrite a \$700 million to \$800 million fund to make sure

that Japan, rather than Communist China, wins economic leadership of Southeast Asia. Yet six weeks ago, when a "private" Japanese delegation signed a \$196 million trade pact with Red China, Kishi gave the deal his blessing. Nor did he boggle at the key condition extracted by Peking: establishment in Tokyo of a Chinese Communist trade mission with quasi-diplomatic privileges, including the right to fly Red China's five-star flag over its headquarters.

But others did boggle. Nationalist China called it the first step toward full diplomatic relations between Tokyo and Peking, and retaliated by slapping a boycott on Japanese goods, thereby trying to force Japan to choose between the chancy Red banner deal and its solid trade with Formosa (\$140 million last year). And so began the battle of the flag.

Unfazed, heavy-lidded Nobusuke Kishi blandly assured Formosa that he did not intend to recognize Peking, and that, far from conceding that the Reds had a "right" to fly their flag in Tokyo, his government would "do its best" to dissuade them from doing so. But, shrugged Kishi, if Peking's representatives insisted, their flag would be entitled to Japanese police protection—not under the rights of diplomatic courtesy but under ordinary laws against trespass and property damage. Last week, reportedly after pressure from the U.S. State Department, warning of the economic and political consequences of a prolonged breach with Japan, Nationalist China reluctantly swallowed this face-saving formula, canceled its boycott on Japanese imports.

The Burning Desire. Kishi's enemies, making a pun on his name, call him *ryō kishi*—meaning, roughly, "one who tries to keep a foot on both banks of the river." During the three years he spent in Tokyo's Sugamo Prison as a "war crimes suspect"—he was General Tojo's Commerce and Industry Minister—Kishi claims to have been seized by a "burning desire" to see Japan rebuilt according to democratic principles. Yet, as Premier, he has surrounded himself with a kitchen Cabinet composed of men like bull-necked Nationalist Okinori Kaya, 69, Kaya, who was Tojo's Finance Minister, spent ten years in Sugamo as a "Class A war criminal," now argues that Tojo's chief mistake lay in starting war before Japan had an adequate industrial base and sufficient oil supplies.

Egged on by such advisers, Kishi has chipped away at the Anglo-Saxon political concepts of Japan's 1946 "MacArthur Constitution," presses for at least a partial return to the hierarchical, authoritarian traditions native to Japan. By order of the Kishi government, Japanese schoolchildren will soon find themselves doing playground drill in the militaristic pre-war fashion, and will be subjected to regular doses of "moral education."

Escaping Satellite. Three weeks ago Kishi braved outcries of the left in Parliament to announce that his government would regard any attack on U.S. bases in Japan or Okinawa as an attack on Japan itself, and would, if necessary,

order Japan's puny "Self-Defense Force" to retaliate against the attacker's home bases. But he was quick to claim political credit for the withdrawal of U.S. ground forces from Japan last year, has also promised his H-bomb-hating countrymen that "when" (not if) Okinawa is returned to Japan, he will insist upon removal of all U.S. nuclear bases from the island.

Equivocal as his public pronouncements may be, there is no doubt about Kishi's direction. When he became Premier 13 months ago, his country was regarded by much of the world as little more than a U.S. satellite. Said Kishi himself: "Internationally our voice is still low." Unlike the ailing old men who preceded him in office,* Kishi has both the



ASSOCIATED PRESS
PREMIER KISHI
He won't stay down.

energy and ambition to regain for Japan the loud voice of a major power.

The Unalarmed. So far, official Washington has refused to take alarm at Kishi's behavior, justifying the China trade pact on the grounds that Japan must export to live, and minimizing the illiberal trend of Kishi's domestic policy by arguing that once Japan was on its own, it was bound to retreat somewhat from the alien and often visionary governmental forms imposed by MacArthur. In the long run, say Japanese specialists, the likeliest alternative to the kind of oligarchic society envisaged by Kishi would be Marxist totalitarianism. Besides, they do not think that Kishi has either the desire or the popular backing to turn the clock full back to where it stood under Tojo. And they accept a reassertion of Japanese independence as inevitable unless the U.S. is prepared to occupy Japan militarily until the end of time.

* Kishi's immediate predecessors: Ichiro Hatoyama, popularly known as "the afternoon-nap Premier," and Tanzan Ishibashi, who resigned because of illness 63 days after he took office.

INDONESIA

Hesitation Waltz

To match the dreamlike quality of the Indonesian civil war, in which battles often seem more like ballets, Indonesia's diplomacy last week went into a hesitation waltz.

Things began, clashingly enough, with a deal signed with Communist Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia for small arms, jet fighters and bombers. In Djakarta, Communist and left-wing newspapers interrupted their anti-American, anti-SEATO tirades long enough to cheer wildly President Sukarno's new link with the Reds. Bands of young toughs smeared anti-U.S. slogans on the walls of the American embassy in Djakarta; Red-run delegations streamed up the embassy steps to present resolutions telling the U.S. to keep its hands off Indonesia.

In Washington, the State Department tartly regretted Sukarno's buying of Communist arms "for possible use in killing Indonesians who openly oppose the growing influence of Communism in Indonesia." But Secretary of State John Foster Dulles conceded that Sukarno had also requested military aid (\$700 million worth) from the U.S. last summer and had been coldly ignored. Dulles reaffirmed the U.S. intention to sell arms to neither side in the civil war.

All at once, diplomacy did a new quick-step in Djakarta. As if anxious not to get too tied to the Communists or too detached from the U.S., Premier Djajendra honored U.S. Ambassador Howard P. Jones with a dinner at his official residence. Speaker of Parliament Sartono expressed his gratitude for U.S. economic and technical aid, and Sukarno's chief of staff, Major General Nasution, curiously put a stop to all anti-American parades and demonstrations, ordered everyone, in and out of government, to "respect the sound mutual relationships between all countries and peoples."

AUSTRALIA

Going American

After examining Australia with a cold and analytic eye, Britain's terrible-tempered Malcolm Muggeridge (onetime editor of *Punch*) last week shot off, in the pages of the Sydney *Morning Herald*, a characteristic Muggeridge salvo: "Superficially, Australia is very British, indeed—in fact, I should say decidedly more British than Britain is. It constitutes a kind of National Park in which extinct British species can be seen living in their natural habitat. But I cannot help thinking that Australia's Britishness belongs more to a dream than to reality."

The trouble, as Muggeridge saw it, is that "what is really happening is that in Australia, like so many other countries, life gets increasingly like LIFE magazine. The jukeboxes sound and the hamburgers are munch'd and the glass buildings go up story on story here as elsewhere. The only resistance which can be offered is to be more British than ever."

Sadly, he observed that it was a forlorn hope, for Britain and Europe have already capitulated to Yankee-dom: "It is a complicated state of affairs which exists in all Western European countries, particularly in Britain, where you find an intense anti-Americanism—more intense I should say than in France, where heaven knows it is strong enough. Yet, with all this the circulation of *Reader's Digest* (that last infirmity of the American Way of Life) steadily mounts; the consumption of Coca-Cola steadily increases; American musicals run interminably and, in almost every aspect of life from television to pornography, an increasing American influence may be discerned."

How account for this progressive collapse of ancient cultures? Muggeridge sees one cogent reason: "Practically everyone wants to live as Americans live. It must be the first time in the history of the world that human desires have been so standardized. Driving at night through little American towns, I used to notice it. Neon signs starkly proclaimed contemporary man's basic requirements—food, drugs, beauty, gas. These are the pivots of felicity in the mid-20th century. Everywhere in the world is getting to look like everywhere else, and everyone is getting to look and be like Americans."

MALAYA

Jungle Hunt

Were he a less determined man, Prime Minister Tengku (Prince) Abdul Rahman might well be tempted, after less than one year as head of the new Federation of Malaya, to feel a trifle complacent about the sorry state of the once formidable Communist jungle rebels who for so long terrorized his land. Today, more than half of Malaya's 50,000 square miles have been officially declared "white," i.e., free of all terrorists. Less than 1,000 Communists are still active, mostly in the southern state of Johore and the central state of Perak. For the most part, they exist in small bands of from five to ten men who have lost contact with one another; most are short of food, and some have not heard a word from Communist Leader Chin Peng (hiding across the border in the Thailand jungles) for as long as three years. But the Prince is in no mood to let up.

Staying Alive. All last week jet bombers from the British, Australian and New Zealand air forces worked over a 1,600-mile tract of jungle in Perak. On the ground, patrols crept toward the shattered target areas, cutting their way through underbrush as high as a man's head. British artillery plastered one sector near Sungai Siput with 25-pounders. An Australian battery poured mortar fire into another area, while only 400 yds. away a platoon of weary New Zealanders sweated out their 15th day of waiting for the enemy to show himself. For 33,000 Malayan and other Commonwealth troops, it was an exasperating kind of war which in three months had resulted in the capture or surrender of only nine terrorists.

But the fact remained that for weeks the terrorists have not been able to commit a single act of violence. Their entire activity has been reduced to the elementary one of trying to stay alive.

When Malaya won her independence last August, Prime Minister Rahman announced that he hoped the anti-terrorist war would be over on Malaya's first birthday. For the people of the "non-white" areas who must live under virtual martial law and are plagued by rationing,^{**} by 4 p.m. curfews, and the constant dread of bombardment, a cease-fire would be a welcome birthday present indeed. But they will apparently have to do without it. The Prince is made nervous by



John Launois—LIFE

PRIME MINISTER RAHMAN
He won't let up.

Communist gains in Indonesia, just across the Strait of Malacca, and is eager to get his own house in order.

Stay Out. Last month, when the Soviets sent an oversized 38-man delegation to a U.N.-sponsored conference in Malaya and tried to reverse Rahman's adamant refusal to have diplomatic relations with Communist countries, the Prime Minister bluntly told them: "We cannot allow representatives of Communist countries here while we are fighting Communists in the jungle. We just cannot have ties with you." Later, when 35 British Labor M.P.s demanded that Britain withdraw its troops from Malaya, they got no support from Rahman. Rather than urge British troops to go home, the Cambridge-educated Prince insists that "it is as much the duty of the British people as the Malayan to meet the Communist challenge."

* When they buy tinned goods, the grocer must puncture the can at the time of purchase, so that it cannot be stored and later handed over to (or stolen by) the rebels.

NEW ZEALAND

Landing Party

In wind-swept Wellington (pop. 122,400), the seaport capital of New Zealand, mothers hurried their daughters off the streets, hotels and pubs increased their liquor stocks, restaurants and roadhouses and easy women prepared for stirring times. Steaming into port was the factory ship, *Slava*, and a fleet of 25 whalers. Aboard were 1,060 officers and men, back from eight months of solitude and hard work in the Antarctic with a catch of 14,000 whales and just over \$160,000 in spending money. Wellingtonians nervously awaited the first landing party.

But the whaling crew were Soviet Russians and, as far as riotous behavior went, Wellington might as well have been host to a church convention. The Russians did their drinking in coffee and milk bars; they avoided waterfront dives, were polite and soft-spoken in trams and shops. The pursuit of women was out of bounds.

They spent their money freely, but in unexpected places; they cleaned out all stocks of gabardine from one department store, all the nylon fur from another. They loaded up on lingerie and stockings and perfumes—for the girls back home; for themselves, they bought shirts, shorts and ties—in any color, curiously, except red. A surprising haul was made by Wellington's druggists, for the Red sailors swept the shelves bare of laxatives, and even bought up patent medicine that had been gathering dust for years. At week's end the Russians went back to their ships laden like housewives returning from a bargain sale, and the fleet steamed out, headed for Odessa and home.

MIDDLE EAST

Digging Out of Trouble

Just north of the Sea of Galilee, where the headwaters of the Jordan River used to fan out into a four-mile swamp called Lake Huleh, the Israelis last month began to dig another of the drainage canals that have already reclaimed some 15,000 acres on the Syrian border for new settlers. The Syrians protested to the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization that the Israelis were digging into the demilitarized zone on their side. They opened fire, and the Israelis shot back. One Israeli, one Syrian, and one Egyptian officer of the new United Arab Republic army were killed before Swedish Major General Carl Carlsson von Horn (the U.N.'s new Palestine truce chief) arranged a cease-fire and an impartial U.N. land survey. Fearing that Egypt's Nasser might feel moved to a bombastic defense of his new Syrian subdivision, the U.S. State Department put pressure on Israel to accept. Last week, after U.N. surveyors found that the Israelis were indeed digging into the demilitarized zone, the Israeli diggers duly shifted a few yards to the west and sank their bulldozer blades into indubitably Israeli dirt. The first border row between Israel and Nasser's United Arab Republic had been peacefully settled.

ISRAEL

Recasting the Crucible

On the eve of Israel's tenth anniversary celebrations, the Israelis scheduled a Jerusalem military parade so big and bristling that some diplomats, notably Britain's Ambassador Sir Francis Rundall, declared that it would embarrass them to be invited; to bring large numbers of troops and heavy equipment so close to the border would be a violation of the Jordanian-Israeli armistice agreement. "If Jordan doesn't mind our bringing heavy stuff up here for one day," huffed an Israeli Foreign Office spokesman, "why should the diplomats worry?"

Diplomatic niceties did not much disturb a proud little nation that in a decade has fought continuously for its right to exist, and in the process has more than doubled its population, absorbing 915,000 Jews from 20-odd other nations in its proclaimed "ingathering of the exiles."

Radical Villages. This ingathering process has brought Israel its worst headaches and heartaches, but at last ten-year-old Israel thinks it has found a few answers. Faced with a babel of tongues, and infinite degrees of sophistication between skilled Rumanian surgeons and ignorant Yemeni shepherds, Israeli officials were in trouble no matter what they did. If they put all Poles in one village and all Moroccan Jews in another, the newcomers failed either to learn Hebrew or to become part of the Israeli pattern; when they were mixed together in one village, there was perpetual conflict.

The new plan, tried first in the Lachish and Adullam areas along the Jordan border south of Jerusalem, is to create regional communities: clusters of small villages set up radially round a rural center where schools, health clinics, assembly rooms and tractor garages are concentrated. Each village has 50 to 60 families—all Hungarians, all Iranians or all Poles. But the children all go to the same school in the rural center. All villagers are treated at the same clinic, attend the same movie, sit in the same café.

Buidlers' Pay. At Adullam, not far from where David battled Goliath, busloads of Hungarians and Iranians arrived last week. Israeli soldier girls, led by Yael Dayan, daughter of the former chief of Israel's armed forces, helped them move their belongings into the neat, three-room concrete cottages on the spring-green Judean slopes. There was still the familiar hard readjustment: "I lived in a third-floor apartment—and now look," exclaimed a clerk from Budapest, thrusting out hands blistered by operating a pneumatic drill with a road-building crew. But now newcomers are guaranteed 250 days' work at regular wages instead of the old immigrant's dole, and promised their own individual plots to cultivate as soon as they reclaim enough land. And to get them further used to what life in Israel is like, police units taught them how to guard against Arab infiltrators, who have long been a security worry along this hitherto unsettled portion of the frontier.

WEST GERMANY

The Ugly Scar

As he stood before a judge in the courtroom of Offenburg (pop. 28,000) last week, the very look of Ludwig Pankraz Zind, 51, betrayed his past. His slim body was ramrod-erect, a prim, Hitler-like mustache decorated his face. On his left cheek were the proud, ugly scars of old duels. After his Heidelberg student days, Zind had become a Nazi Storm Trooper, then a reserve captain in the Wehrmacht on the Russian front. Back in Offenburg after the war, he was first barred from his old teaching post by the Allies, but in 1948 he got his job back as a mathematics and



International

LUDWIG ZIND
Pouring hate on old wounds.

biology teacher at Grimmelshausen Gymnasium (secondary school). He became head of the local sports club. But unlike the millions of Germans who tried to forget the past, or wanted to improve upon it, Ludwig Zind never composed the hate that filled his heart.

Favorite Subject. One gay midnight a year ago, Zind was drinking champagne and schnapps in an Offenburg bar when a stranger strolled in, and Zind invited him over. The pair got along famously until 2 a.m., and then Zind began to discourse on his favorite subject: his hatred of Jews. "I ought to tell you," said Kurt Lieser, 47, the stranger, "that I spent the war in a concentration camp, and am Jewish." "What?" Zind exclaimed. "That means they forgot to gas you too? The Nazis did not gas enough Jews." Two bar companions stepped in to prevent a fight, as Zind shouted: "And Israel—Israel should be removed like a carbuncle!"

Lieser protested to the state government of Baden-Württemberg. Nothing happened. When he pressed his case, officials, hoping to hush up the matter, tried to arrange a reconciliation between Lieser and Zind. But instead of apologizing, Zind

snapped: "I would rather clean the streets than crawl to a Jew."

One Man's Words. In December West Germany's weekly *Der Spiegel* took up the story. One hundred thousand members of the teachers' association demanded that Teacher Zind be brought to trial; the Baden-Württemberg parliament belatedly investigated and was told that Zind had aired similar opinions in the classroom.

Suspended from his job, Zind went on trial last week, accused under ancient statutes prohibiting public approval of crimes or slandering the memory of the dead. In the dock Zind denied nothing, and arrogantly announced that if Germany did not want him, a teaching job awaited him in Egypt. After three days of testimony and six hours of deliberation, the three judges and two lay jurors brought in their verdict: guilty; one year in jail. "Zind's words rip open the old, barely healed wounds of the German people," declared Presiding Judge Johannes Eckert. "What thousands have tried to repair, one man with such words can destroy." But as Ludwig Zind walked out of the courtroom, where the audience had been plainly on his side, women wept at the verdict and men reached out to shake his hand.

"Benevolent Concession"

West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer came home a shaken man from Moscow in the fall of 1955. Under strong political pressure from his own people to reach agreement with the Kremlin, Adenauer bowed to Russia's demand for the establishment of diplomatic relations between Bonn and Moscow without waiting for German reunification. In exchange, he won release of 9,626 of the estimated 100,000 German prisoners still held in Russia. Adenauer became wary of negotiating, even of trading, with the Soviets.

But with a foot in the door, the Russians next asked for a trade pact and consular agreement. Again under political pressure at home, Adenauer sent his bargainers back to the table. Last week in Moscow, after nine months of sparring, the Soviets and West Germans announced a new agreement. Once again the Soviets appeared to have got more than they gave.

Under the agreement, Soviet-West German trade will double within the next three years to some \$300 million a year. In exchange for such Soviet goods as coal, cellulose, manganese and oil, the Germans bowed to the Soviet request for such useful (but officially "nonstrategic") West German products as mining and steel equipment, machine tools, heavy forges. The Soviets also won the right to establish a regular trade mission (estimated staff: 60) in Cologne, though the West Germans fended off Russian demands for consulates in major cities. The Soviet "concession" in exchange: a verbal promise to give "benevolent" consideration to the repatriation of all Germans (and their families) who held citizenship before June 22, 1941, the day Hitler invaded Russia. The German embassy in Moscow has 80,000 applications on file.



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Strongman's Round

Cuba's fanatic, poorly armed rebels last week tried to smash President Fulgencio Batista with the ultimate weapon of civilian revolutions: the general strike. But Batista, a tough, wilier strongman than such fallen dictators as Argentina's Perón or Venezuela's Pérez Jiménez, saw the blow coming, prepared well, warded it off with hardly a bruise.

Fulgencio Batista got ready for the strike by offering immunity to anyone who killed a striker and by threatening to jail any employer who closed shop. He marshaled 4,000 soldiers. His labor lieutenant, Eusebio Mujal, Hoffa-style boss of the 1,200,000-member Cuban Labor Federation, ordered workers to stay on their jobs or lose them for good. Playing the genial host to U.S. newsmen (*see* PRESS) at a party three days before the strike, Batista said, half in joke and half in earnest: "We'll soon see how hard it is to make this dictator fall!"

When Rebel Fidel Castro's men called the strike, it turned out to be a classic of disorganization. Batista easily quelled it with units of the crack, 7,000-man National Police alone, and the cops went on to a brutal and exemplary mop-up. The effect was to cripple, perhaps for a long time, the general-strike psychology—the emotional willingness of soft-boiled amateurs to go up against the hardened professionals.

On the **Waterfront**. Batista, 57, who customarily works until 5 a.m., had just awakened at 11 a.m. on the day of the strike. At that moment, rebels grabbed a pair of Havana radio stations long enough to put out the call. "This is the final blow against the dictatorship," said the rebels' Communiqué No. 1.

Rebels in a truck looted a waterfront gunshop; police attacked, and the day's main battle, an hour-long fire fight, followed. At noon an explosion blasted a hole in the famed, tree-lined Prado, setting a gas-main fire that burned with 30-ft. flames until late at night. Youths in cars threw bombs; power and phones went out in parts of the city. Some workers walked off their jobs in banks and stores. But by 12:30 an eerie silence hinted that the strike was failing.

Failing it was. The rebels' vaunted, 5,000-man Havana underground stayed mostly underground; at week's end one disgruntled group of rebel commanders denounced Castro's Havana lieutenant, Faustino Pérez, 35, as a "traitor" who refused to order the terrorist attack that was vital to make the strike work.

With the upper hand, Batista drove boldly around the city while his cops proceeded to make their supremacy complete. When a patrol car radioed that it had clashed with rebels and had "a dead man and a prisoner," the dispatcher ordered: "Shoot him." At midafternoon, cops burst into a boardinghouse, grabbed



Joe Scherschel—LIFE

PRESIDENT BATISTA
The harder they fall.

three young men who were leaders of Cuba's lay Catholic Action movement, which sympathizes with Castro. Two hours later their stripped, tortured and bullet-torn bodies were turned over to relatives. Total dead: 43.

Next day at noon Batista, dressed in a bathrobe, sipped weak coffee, kissed off the suppression as "a police action." Later he said: "I have enemies, of course, but I am sure the masses are with me. I am a man of deep faith; I believe in God."

In **Rebel Country**. At the other end of the island, in Santiago, the strike, though more effective, was suppressed with equal resolution and bloodshed; 38 were killed. But even as the strike was failing, Castro's irregulars in the rugged Sierra Maestra were fighting on. Nipping down to El Cobre the day after the frustrated strike, Castro men grabbed the town, ranged the streets, and upon pulling

out touched off the 30-ton dynamite stock of a construction-supply company. The thunderous explosion shattered windows in Santiago ten miles away.

Batista is wary of heavy casualties in moving against these raiders in their mountain fortress, so far plans a "long-term" campaign to keep them surrounded and wear them down when they come into the open. He has also offered \$100,000 for the "head of Fidel Castro." But though he must face a nagging stalemate, in winning last week's round Batista cost the rebels heavily in dynamism and morale. A new general-strike attempt will be harder to mount than the foiled try—particularly bucking the prosperity of Cuba's current \$2 billion-a-year national income. And Castro, never well armed, is suffering so badly from shortage of guns and ammunition that last week he denounced his principal backer, rich ex-President Carlos Prío, for "living in luxury in Miami" while the rebels eat roots and wait in vain for arms.

VENEZUELA Heavenly Haven

Marcos Pérez Jiménez, the chubby dictator who was booted out of Venezuela in January, picked out a comfortable spot last week in which to languish in exile—a modern mansion at 4600 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach. Seller: Ray E. Dodge, one-time Olympic 800-meter runner (Paris, 1924), now a manufacturer of loving cups and other trophies. Estimated price: around \$400,000.

On the Biscayne Bay side of Miami Beach's island, the Pérez Jiménez retreat comes equipped with the standard swimming pool and cabanas; a lush lawn dotted with royal palms, hibiscus and ixora slopes down to the bay. New Orleans-style grillwork flanks the entrance. Low and relatively compact, the two-story white stucco house is built around a patio. Downstairs is a foyer lit with a mammoth bronze lantern, a drawing room paved with black and white Spanish tiles, a spa-



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cious living room with bleached mahogany walls stained silver-grey, a bar and a Formica-walled kitchen with built-in rotisserie. Upstairs are another living room and eight bedrooms—including a 900-sq-ft. master bedroom with twin dressing rooms. The place came furnished.

As neighbors, the ex-dictator, his wife and four daughters will have Mark Honeywell of the Minneapolis Honeywells to the south; to the north will be Frank Katzenzine, owner of Radio Station WKAT, whose turned-down application for Miami's TV Channel Ten raised a storm during the House investigation of the Federal Communications Commission. Up the street are S. S. Kresge (5 & 10¢ stores) and Paul Hexter (son-in-law of car-rental Tycoon John Hertz). The Dodges knew little of the new owner; Mrs. Dodge said she met him once and found him "charming." When she heard he had been run out of Venezuela at gunpoint she was somewhat taken aback. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "He isn't a bad man, is he? Like Perón? He seemed so nice!"

BRAZIL

Last Chance?

Once, during an 80-day rebellion in 1925, a young gaucho leader named Oswald Aranha saved the town of Itaqui for the government by fighting off a rebel leader named Luis Carlos Prestes. Aranha spent the next year recuperating from a bullet-shattered leg, then went on to become a President-maker, a Cabinet minister for 12 years; he spent four distinguished years in Washington as Ambassador to the U.S., served once as U.N. General Assembly president. Rebel Prestes went on to become chief of Brazil's Communist Party, the hemisphere's biggest. Last week, while thousands watched a TV interview, old opponents Aranha and Prestes embraced and Prestes called Aranha "one of the best possible presidential candidates," while Aranha proclaimed his "fondness and solidarity" for Prestes.

At 64, proud, burly, white-thatched Oswald Aranha presumably has one last chance at his lifelong ambition: to sit in Catete Palace, Brazil's White House. If he does not make it in the October 1960 presidential election, he will be too old afterward. Last week, in his frantic bid, Aranha seemed ready to toss away a lifetime record of liberalism, internationalism, Western Hemisphere solidarity.

He simultaneously wooed the extreme nationalists and the anti-American Reds (who polled 600,000 votes in 1945, the last time they ran a presidential candidate) by tooting a strident nationalist note, crying: "Brazil is no longer a colony of the imperialists." He plumped for the renewal of diplomatic relations with Russia, explaining: "Brazil is the only great nation now cut off from relations with Russia." He wagged a finger at the U.S.: "Brazilians feel that the United States takes our traditional friendship for granted."

Aranha probably has fewer enemies than any Brazilian in public life; virtually



Imprensa Popular

PRESTES & ARANHA
Desperation makes strange bedfellows.

all politicos and parties like him; he has urbanity, intelligence, and political skill. But he has no political machine, and experts give him virtually no chance. Last week Aranha perhaps summed up his whole dilemma in one wistful phrase: "I am tired of second place."

CANADA

Running Start

With a sense of pride and no little awe at the crunching majority they had voted Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Progressive Conservative Party in the national elections fortnight ago (TIME, April 14), Canadians sat back last week to see what Diefenbaker would do with it.

He did not keep them waiting long. Even before he flew back from a brief holiday in Bermuda, the government's Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources was at work on a massive \$250 million road-building program designed to open up the Far North, give substance to the Prime Minister's fervent, oft-voiced "vision of national destiny." The nation's farmers, hit by sagging income since 1952, were temporarily propped up by new federal price supports in six key commodities. The new Tory government was off to a running start—and taking an excited nation with it.

But where are they running? With an almost theatrical sense of timing, the final report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects—a special five-man board appointed three years ago by the Liberal government of Louis St. Laurent—came out last week with a thoughtful, well-documented prediction on what Canada may be in 1980. The commission's general conclusion: a largely urban, industrialized land of 27 million (v. 17 million today), a gross national product of \$80 billion (v. \$30 billion), a living standard higher by two-thirds.

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PEOPLE

wife of Actor-Director **José Ferrer**, posed happily at home with her three little obbligatos: Miguel, 3, María, 1 year 9 months, and Gabriel, 9 months.

On a Vermont visit from snowy Colorado, where she ranches with husband Dave, Skier **Andrea Mead Lawrence**, winner of two gold medals in the 1952 Winter Olympics, showed off the four reasons why she may not race any more: Cortlandt, 5, Deirdre, 2, Matthew, 3, and Leslie, 10 months.

Announcing the permanent loan of a 19th century dress, Washington's Smithsonian museum casually dropped a small footnote to American history. In its statement, the Smithsonian said that the gown once belonged to **Dolley** (not Dolly) **Madison**, wife of the nation's fourth President, justified the spelling by recent research at the University of Chicago on the **James Madison** papers, proving that the famed White House hostess had indeed used the "e" herself. Among references due for a change: the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which calls her Dorothy, the *Encyclopaedia Americana*, which lists her as Dolly.

The boom-or-bust romance between scrawny Crooner **Frank Sinatra** and gravel-voiced Cinematress **Lauren Bacall**, widow of Movie Tough Guy **Humphrey Bogart**, sank deep in recession. One cause of the breach (*Rasped Bacall*): "Do me a favor; never mention me again in the same breath with Frank Sinatra." seemed to be French Cinemina **Brigitte Bardot**, soon to co-star with Sinatra in a movie. With the air of a gal who can sniff publicity continents away, Brigitte suggested that Lauren didn't want her



CINEMINA BARDOT
Interesting chemistry.

Associated Press
SINGER CLOONEY & CHILDREN
Multiplying music.

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Oak Ridge, Tenn., to research a new yarn with an atomic science background, prolific Novelist **Pearl** (*The Good Earth*) **Buck**, 65, passed on a bit of literary advice to a young reporter: "Don't worry about spelling, punctuation, paragraphs. Get your story on paper. You can always find someone to correct your grammar."

In Los Angeles, white-thatched Gospieper **Walter Winchell**, onetime song-and-dancer in burlesque, grandly confided his ideas for a proposed girlie show (starring W.W.) at a Las Vegas saloon next month. "They'll have three TV cameras in front of me, simulating a newscast, and monitors all over the club so I can be seen on the screen too. I'll close that part of the show with some advance info on the stock market. Then I'll go into a soft shoe with the girls, followed by a hot mambó with one of the girls" The finale: "Onstage, you'll see an exact replica of my New York *Mirror* prowl car with me in it. I'll go across the stage—very fast. Then 24 beautiful girls—probably in G strings—come out swinging billies like a bunch of fairies with nothing but a silver badge on their left breast, blowing police whistles."

In temporary retirement was well-traveled Sir **Edmund Hillary**, conqueror of Mount Everest and the South Pole, who withdrew from a proposed lecture tour in Britain, as he put it, "to stay home with Mum and the kids"—for a year—in New Zealand. In the Hillary future: physiological endurance tests in his old freezing grounds, the Himalayas, possibly another Antarctic expedition.

Rapidly becoming Hollywood's busiest mother (she expects a fourth child in October), Singer **Rosemary Clooney**,



Associated Press
SKIER LAWRENCE & CHILDREN
Convincing arithmetic.

Frank to make the picture, adding brightly: "Miss Bacall is no fool. I would do the same. Sinatra and I will make interesting chemistry together."

In the *Virginia Quarterly Review's* short-story competition this year, the top prize went to a familiar literary name: **Sandburg**. Honored this time, however, was not venerable (80) Poet **Carl** but his youngest daughter Helga, wife of American University Assistant Professor Arthur B. Golby, for her first published story, *Witch Chicken*. Due for Helga: publication this week of her first novel, a folksy farm drama called *The Wheel of Earth*.

To **Alger Hiss**, center of one of the foremost trials of the century, now a \$12,000-a-year corporation executive (for Manhattan's Feathercombs Inc.), came news of financial bounty: in the will of his mother, Mrs. Charles A. Hiss, who died April 3, the onetime State Department officer received one-fourth of her estimated \$60,000 estate, including \$750 for "winning a scholarship at Johns Hopkins University three consecutive times, thus saving the amount in tuition fees."

It started out as just another quiet evening with TV for histriong Cinemactor **Anthony** (*Wild Is the Wind*) **Franciosa**, who recently served a ten-day jail sentence for bopping a press photographer, and his histrionic wife, hefty Cinematress **Shelley** (*Behave Yourself!*) **Winters**. But by the time the *Steve Allen Show* went on, police reported, the Franciosas were off on a top-of-the-lung melodrama of their own. Result: Shelley grabbed a perfume bottle, aimed well, notched a two-inch cut behind Tony's ear. Cackled one cop, after the reconciled Franciosas had toolled off to Palm Springs for a rest: "That must have been a pretty good TV show, eh?"

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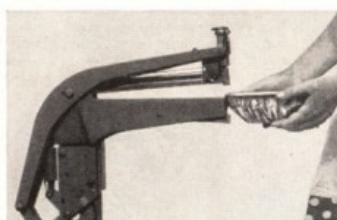


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RELIGION

Advice to Converters

"Till the conversion of the Jews" was Poet Andrew Marvell's way of indicating an immeasurably long period of time, and throughout history Christians have taken pains to hasten the day—from plain torture to the gentler persuasion of the American Board of Missions to the Jews. Such efforts are a grave mistake, writes Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr in the *C.C.A.R. Journal*, a quarterly of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

"The problem of the Christian majority, particularly in America," says Niebuhr, "is to come to terms with the stubborn will to live of the Jews as a peculiar people, both religiously and ethnically. The problem can be solved only if the Christian and Gentile majority accepts this fact and ceases to practice tolerance provisionally in the hope that it will encourage assimilation ethnically and conversion religiously." Disappointment of such hopes has produced violent reactions in the past, Niebuhr points out, as when Martin Luther "thought that the Jews had refused to become Catholic but would undoubtedly accept the purer Protestant version of the Catholic faith."

Ethically, Christians must learn to recognize in the Jews "a superior capacity for civic virtue which the Gentile majority rather flagrantly overlooks." Theologically, adds Niebuhr, Christians would do well to analyze the areas of divergence between the two faiths. He finds the differences less extreme than is generally supposed. "From the standpoint of the Christian, the doctrine of grace is the most significant distinction between Christianity and Judaism." But in the practical world, Niebuhr finds, a religion of grace does not always yield superior results: "The fact that Jews have been rather more creative than Christians in establishing brotherhood with the Negro may prove that 'saving grace' may be rather too individualistically conceived in Christianity to deal with collective evil."

Christian attempts to proselyte Jews

are not only futile, argues Niebuhr, but wrong, because the two faiths are "sufficiently alike for the Jew to find God more easily in terms of his own religious heritage than by subjecting himself to the hazards of guilt feeling involved in a conversion to a faith, which, whatever its excellencies, must appear to him as a symbol of an oppressive majority culture. Both Jews and Christians will have to accept the hazards of their historic symbols. These symbols may be the bearers of an unconditioned message to the faithful. But to those outside the faith they are defaced by historic taints. Practically nothing can purify the symbol of Christ as the image of God in the imagination of the Jew from the taint with which ages of Christian oppression in the name of Christ tainted it."

The Churches at the Fair

As Mammon puts his best foot forward this week at the Brussels World Fair, he will find his ancient competition on hand—the Roman Catholics in a mammoth pavilion called *Civitas Dei* (The City of God), and the Protestants in a modest prefab, one-eleventh the size, with no name at all.

The Catholics were in the fair on the ground floor four years ago. "It is inconceivable that the Catholic Church should not be represented at such a gathering," said Rev. Jan Joos, secretary-general of the Holy See's pavilion. "Since most people no longer come to the church, we must bring the church to them." To help raise money, the church went farther than the fair itself: 53 national committees were organized, and representatives appointed in other countries. Posters were printed in ten languages, a pavilion magazine published in seven.

Catacombs & Souvenirs. A whole college of architects headed by Belgium's Paul Rome was appointed to design the pavilion. On a 153,000-sq. ft. plot just across from the U.S. pavilion, they built a high plaster wall around *Civitas Dei*. Inside is a slope-roofed church with a

capacity for 2,500 standees (only the aged and infirm may sit), a 200-seat chapel and six smaller chapels. The pavilion also includes a restaurant for 2,000 and a three-story display building. Besides numerous Masses and multilingual confessors, attractions will include a 40-yd. mock-up of the catacombs, an exhibit of "the vital problems that frighten mankind" (which includes two gigantic U.S. dollar bills), and souvenirs (scarves with the papal coat of arms, a special issue of Vatican stamps, money of the Vatican State). Total cost, not counting the donated cement, glass, carpets, wood, altar, organ and two carillon systems: about \$2,500,000.

The Protestants got off to a slow start about three years behind the Holy See. When Belgium's few Protestants (approximately 90,000) asked the World Council of Churches about a pavilion, they were told they could use the World Council's name, but not its money. Gradually, support for the idea gained ground. The first contribution from overseas was \$560 from New Zealand Protestants; among others, the Belgians set themselves a quota of \$20,000; a Netherlands committee is halfway to its goal of \$26,000; and in the U.S. the United Church Women are raising \$100,000. Total collected so far: \$80,000 of a \$170,000 goal.

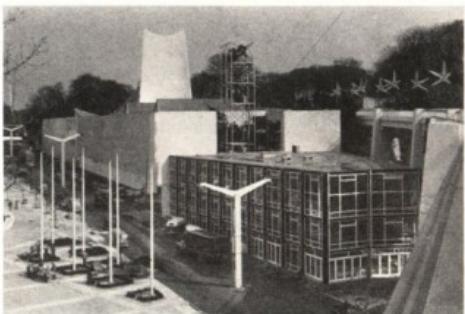
Carillon & Congresses. On a plot of only 13,500 sq. ft., the Protestant pavilion consists of a prefab circular church that will hold 200 people and a prefab one-story display building. Wide arcs of the church wall are glass, so that the passing crowd will be able to look in upon the worshipers at the two daily services (four on Sundays). "We wanted the public to see what Protestant worship is like," says the Rev. Pieter Fagel of The Netherlands. Evangelical Reformed chairman of the pavilion committee.

"We didn't want to make our pavilion big," Fagel explains. "There's such a crying need for money for other purposes. People don't come to the fair to go to church. We didn't plan congresses, the way the Catholics did." (The Catholics will hold some 60 congresses, will bring the faithful to Brussels from all over



PROTESTANT PAVILION

For Mammon, the old competition in prefab and plaster.



CATHOLIC PAVILION

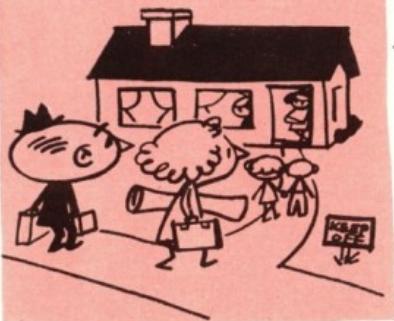
Israel Shenker

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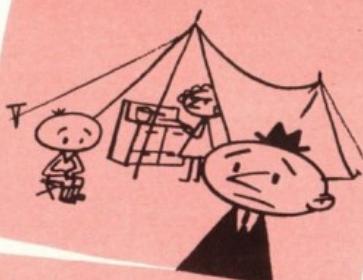
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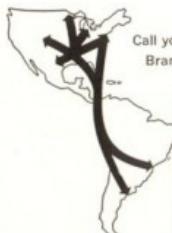


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Europe in 1,000 buses and numerous special trains.) One Protestant worry is the electronic carillon in the *Civitas Dei* bell tower 570 yards away. "I hope they don't play it too much," gloomed Fagel last week. "We'd like to make ourselves heard, too." Father Joos was reassuring: "We probably won't be allowed to play it at top volume. The Protestants don't have to worry."

Words & Works

¶ The liberal Protestant *Christian Century* headed its editorial page last week with a blast from the Rev. Charles Duell Kean of Washington's Episcopal Church of the Epiphany against the U.S. Navy for attaching a St. Christopher medal to its successful Vanguard satellite-bearing rocket. "Would it have served just as well," demanded Dr. Kean, "if along with the countdown routine, a man had been assigned at each stage in the process to cross his fingers and say 'Muggles'?" Had anyone thought of attaching a four-leaf clover to the missile somewhere? The fact that a symbol or a word is associated with traditional Christianity does not prevent its being used in the most blatantly superstitious manner possible. The fact that there are religious and moral ideals in our Western heritage does not prevent these symbols from being caricatured, so that not only is the symbol itself made ridiculous but the faith behind it is turned into children's triviality."

¶ Pope Pius XII told delegates of the 13th Congress of the International Association of Applied Psychology that some of the techniques they use to probe the mind are "open to reservations," however praiseworthy the ends. Some secrets, he said, "can absolutely not be unveiled, even to one prudent person." The Pope also condemned the use of lie detectors. Explained a Vatican official: "The lie detector is always illicit, even with the consent of the subject. Just as a man may not consent to euthanasia because religious law forbids him from doing away with himself, so he may not destroy his own freedom to answer or not according to his own judgment. Those who ask for a lie-detector test in order to prove they are speaking the truth must find other means of convincing inquirers. Otherwise, the point will come when anyone who refuses a lie-detector test will automatically feel accused of falsehood. A true reply must be freely spoken—not spoken under the pressure of certainty that untruths will out."

¶ A committee of 19 British theologians and sociologists appointed at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury to study "the family in contemporary society" recommended in their 220-page report that the Church of England avoid opposing birth control. "The more we understand of our procreative powers," said the report, "the more responsible we are for the way in which we use them. If our conscience will not tolerate, when we know how to prevent it, a torrent of infant deaths, no more should we, with the knowledge we have, encourage an un governed spate of unwanted births."



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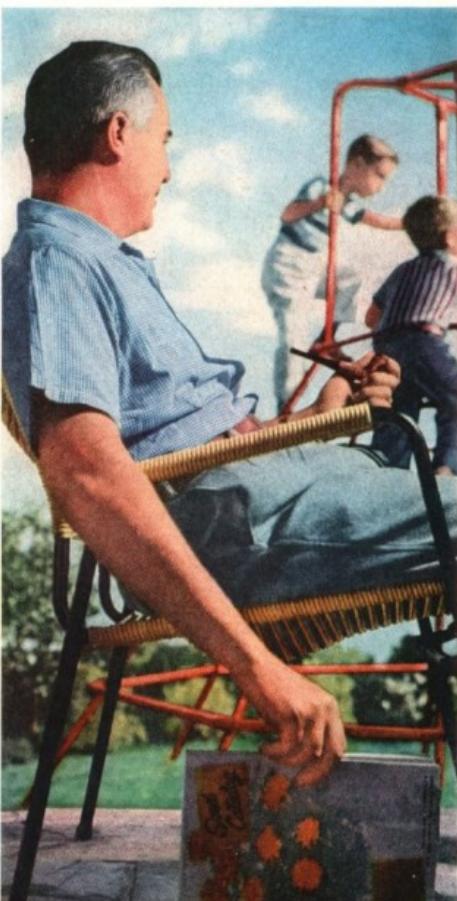
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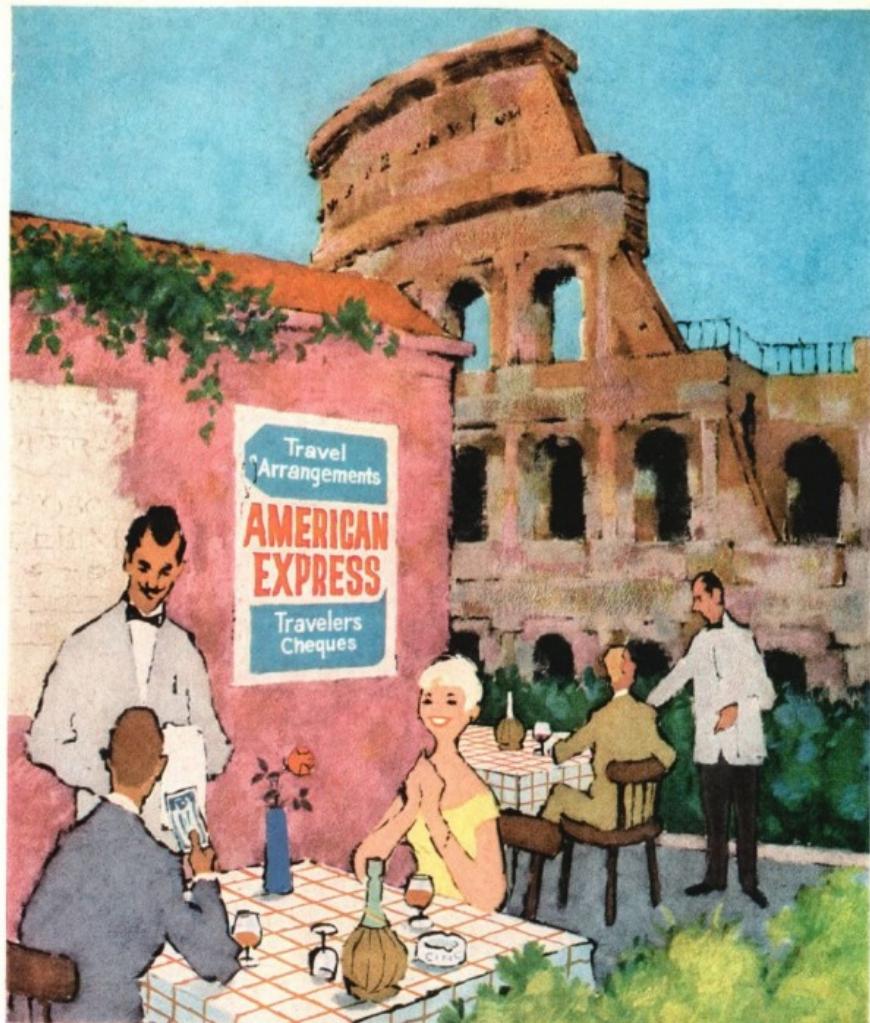


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TELEVISION & RADIO

CBS Muddles Through

An actress strolled into a CBS television studio in Manhattan last week, eyed a motley crew of amateur technicians assembled for rehearsal of her daytime serial. "Which one of you," she asked facetiously, "is Mr. Paley?" CBS's Board Chairman William S. Paley was not there to lend a hand with the show, but he might have been. In eight cities across the U.S. where CBS owns TV and radio stations, some 1,300 members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers had walked out, abandoning cameras, microphone booms, control panels and projectors. Quipped a studio wag: "CBS now means the Confused Broadcasting System!"

Bloopers & Booms. But as the week wore on, there was only slight confusion. Months earlier, CBS's Manhattan headquarters had held quickie training courses for about 300 executive-level staffers. As soon as the I.B.E.W. men left their posts, their amateur replacements poured into the breach. In Los Angeles, CBS Radio's vice president of network programs, Howard Barnes, pitched in as engineer on a radio drama; in Manhattan, William B. Lodge, another v.p., assisted at the network's master control board. Publicity men, time salesmen, casting directors and accountants leaped to unaccustomed tasks, in some cases worked 17-hour days.

Many programs predictably muddled through bloopers born of the green crews' clumsiness and uncertainty. Boom dollys were knocked over; commercials and credits were run twice, or upside down, or not at all; sound faded away or leaked sudden bursts of studio chatter and laughter. A few shows, regularly broadcast live, were replaced by film substitutes. But most programs—and the strike—rolled on as scheduled.

Tape & Technicians. The strikers professed to be uninterested in CBS's offer of a \$185.50 weekly minimum wage unless it was accompanied by a tighter job-security clause in their new contract. But behind the talk of security was a looming new threat to their jobs: video tape, the electronic wonder that can record both TV's sounds and images on a magnetized plastic strip. Unlike film, such tape needs no processing, can reproduce what it has heard and seen—a second or a century later (TIME, Feb. 4, 1957). The reproduced image on the TV screen is far superior to film, and distinguishable from live shows only by experts.

The union's fear is that video taping will largely replace live broadcasting from studios and the I.B.E.W. crews that such broadcasts employ. They further worry that the taping will be taken over by outside companies that do not employ I.B.E.W. technicians. Negotiators for CBS and the union began wrangling in Washington at week's end, with a federal mediator on hand to keep them tuned in to each other.

The Treacle Cutter

"A year ago my show was 137th in the Nielsen ratings," observed TV Comic Danny Thomas last week. "Today it's in the top ten. What can I do after that?" Actually, there were only 118 shows on the networks' evening air last May when Thomas' *Make Room for Daddy* squatted on a miserable eleventh from the bottom, a position to which Thomas had become accustomed in the show's four years on ABC. Today Danny averages some 44



DANNY THOMAS & TV FAMILY
Make room for Uncle Daddy.

million televiewers, is topped only by the two mighty westerns, *Gunsmoke* and *Tales of Wells Fargo*.

In its year on CBS *The Danny Thomas Show* has benefited from a better time slot (Mon. 9 p.m., E.S.T.) and higher exposure (93 more stations than it had on ABC). But more important in Danny's rise from Nielsen's nowhere is that CBS's Danny has quit striving for gags that were foreign to its situations or strained for premises to justify its jokes. Says Thomas: "Comedy just for comedy's sake is barking up the wrong cliché. Comedy has to come out of the situation to have any staying power."

Two Worlds. Thomas' TV self is Danny Williams, nightclub funnyman, father of two and harassed battler for his patriarchal rights. Says Thomas candidly: "The show is one cliché after another. Family life is that way. When we're corny, we don't let it get too far. We use what I call treacle cutters. For instance, the boy gets sore and runs away from home and tries to enroll himself in the orphan asylum as Elvis Earp. I find him and I take him in my arms and we make up and we talk about how we're going to go out and get doubledeck hamburgers and big malted

milkshakes and then we'll go to the movies and then we'll have a soda. And then I say, 'And then we'll go home and I'll break every bone in your body.' That's the treacle cutter."

His TV role as a show-business type permits Thomas the best of two possible worlds—the homy and the glamorous. Such notables as Bob Hope, Dean Martin and Hans Conried have dropped in on the noisy confusion of Danny Williams' family, promptly found themselves entangled in its small wars. Hope stirred Father Danny to unworthy jealousy by offering to appear in a benefit show that Danny planned to star in (at show's

end, Danny properly repented his pettiness). Crooner Martin was hauled in to make the point that bobby-soxers "collect" crushes, and crushes are not to be confused with true love.

Your Sorrow Unmasked. Born 44 years ago as Amos Joseph Alphonse Jacobs, Danny Thomas was the fifth of ten children of a Lebanese immigrant laborer who, back in Toledo, often sold candy to make ends meet. Appropriately, Danny's first taste of show business was as a candy butcher in a burlesque house. Before long, he was onstage, hamming it up in radio and nightclubs. In 1936 he married a Detroit radio singer named Rosemarie Mantell, today has three children of his own.

In the long years that Thomas was away playing the club circuit, his kids thought of him as almost legendary "Uncle Daddy," greeted his infrequent returns with "Make room for Daddy!" Remembers Danny: "Daddy was just a picture on the piano. The clothes I brought to them were all too small by the time I got them there." The last straw came when his daughter wrote a theme in high school ending: "What's so good about tomorrow? . . . My father is away all the time, working so that we'll be secure tomorrow, but

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by the time he does that we'll be grown up and gone away."

Danny called on a producer, explained his problem, begged him to find something that would keep him at home. The producer, who recognized a televisable situation when he heard one, devised the show on the spot.

Thomas is now a resolute homebody (Beverly Hills and Palm Springs), occupies himself, off-camera, in remodeling his Beverly Hills manse (cost: about \$150,000 so far), or puttering with power tools. A Roman Catholic of the Maronite rite, Thomas has devoted much time in recent years to raising money for a children's hospital in Memphis, Tenn. (for incurable patients), already has pledges of \$1,300,000 out of a hoped-for \$2,000,000.

Danny looks like a weird blend of Napoleon and Fiorello H. LaGuardia, sings as cornily as Al Jolson did, speaks as if he forgot to gargle before keynoting a dockers' meeting. His trademark is his preposterous nose ("If you're going to have a nose, you ought to have a real one"). But the U.S.'s currently favorite comedian, boasting no single towering talent, succeeds as a funnyman mostly because his humor seems to well up from a sizable heart. Or, as Danny Thomas puts it, citing his favorite philosopher, Lebanese Mystic Khalil (*The Prophet*) Gibran: "Comedy and tragedy aren't very far apart. Like Gibran says, 'Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.'"

Review

U.S. Steel Hour. "You see, I got four daughters. Each one takes turns having me for a visit. Every three months, like clockwork, I get sent out—like a quarterly dividend." This was the TV story of Walter Slezak, playing a retired furrier from Manhattan, whose bumbling social presence made his daughters uncomfortable and embarrassed their husbands. Visiting son-in-law No. 4, an ambitious Hollywood agent, Slezak lumberingly wrecked a cocktail party by commenting amiably on a guest's mink ("Say, that's a nice mutation you got there; it's not what you'd call real mink, but I wouldn't worry about it if I was you. To the untrained eye, there's no difference in quality"). Abashed, disheartened and in disgrace, he volunteered as patrol supervisor for a group of eight-year-old junior Rangers. His methods were unorthodox. The first course was artificial respiration—"what to do in case of drowning or being electrocuted." Slezak had the answer to that. "You call the fire department, naturally. There's an emergency truck they got, with oxygen inside—a pulmometer—everything you need. What's next?" The young called him Uncle Chuck, and he was happy. But soon he was in his usual jam—the boys found the camping ground cold and hard, and so did he; he bundled them all off to a motel, and everybody thought he had kidnaped them. Scripter John Vlahos could not resist the predictable switcheroo for a misty-moist ending (the Rangers discovered the publicity on the Beaver Patrol had been sensa-

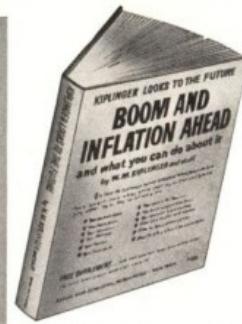
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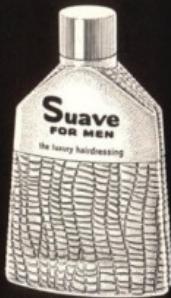
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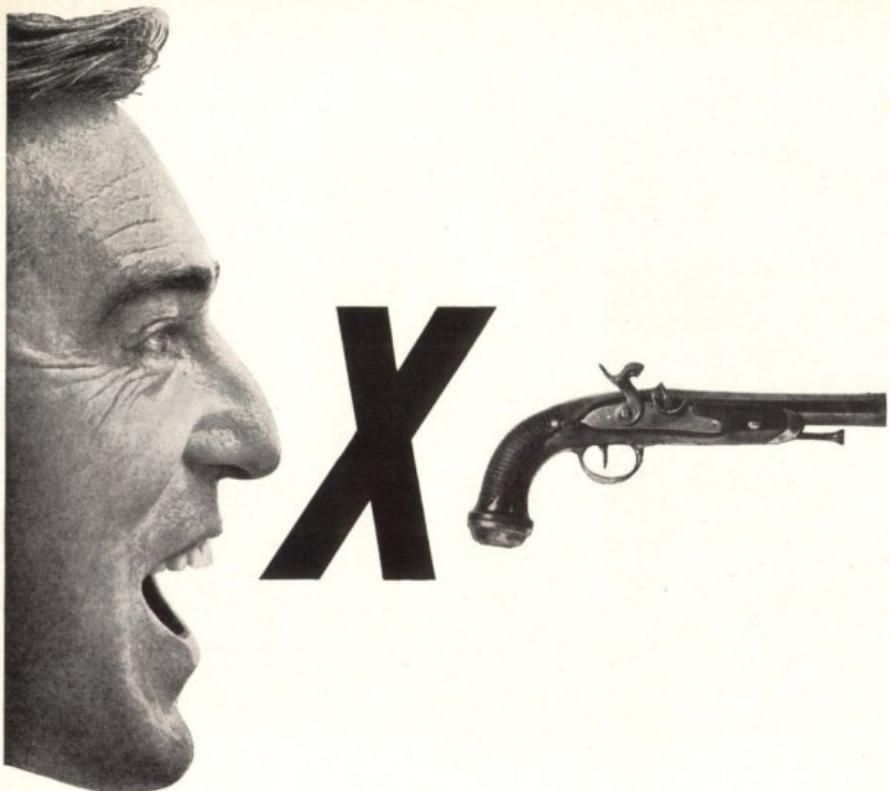
Fred Hermansky

tional, and Uncle Chuck finally felt wanted), sometimes seemed to be writing an artful recruiting appeal for parent participation in youth groups. But his simple story was redeemed by an authentic feel for the peculiarly Jewish blend of wry humor and forthright sense of Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, and the warm, shamblingly expert performance of Slezak, who can (and frequently has) played this kind of role so expertly that it seems disarmingly artless.

NBC Opera Company: For its final presentation of a handsome season, NBC's young and sprightly opera company presented a sparkling, two-hour show of Mozart's artful *Così Fan Tutte* (*Women Are Like That*). The cynical, silly, and charming tale—two gentlemen of Naples undertake to disprove the theory that all women are faithless by pretending to go off to the wars and returning in disguise as two gentlemen from Albania lately landed from a balloon, lay siege to each other's sweethearts, and, to their own discomfiture, succeed—has seldom been more merrily staged. Under the direction of Peter Herman Adler, Mozart's music was kept feather-light and crystal-clean. Soprano Phyllis Curtin and Mezzo Frances Bible were as pretty a brace of slim beauties as ever taunted a gallant; Tenor John Alexander and Baritone Mac Morgan sang warmly as the two gentlemen, who conclude: "Women cannot be faithful . . . You have to take them as they are." The production—light, stylized, and done as a great sunny joke—was a tribute to TV's growing sophistication in the use of color. Ed Wittstein's sets, painted with cartoon-like sketchiness on a beige ground, gave an effect of air and space and no place in particular, left the color concentrated in the costumes; against the neutral background the disguised gallants

were Turkish delights in their long Oriental coats, the women vivid in gleaming satins. Wrote *Variety*: "A memorable performance that simply could not be outdone . . . This was television achieving its highest purpose."

Swing into Spring: "Benny," said Host Dave Garroway to King of Swing Goodman, "have you any idea how many couples met, danced, fell in love and got married, all because of you?" Fumbling for a figure, Benny Goodman at length replied: "1,327,463." After that improbable exchange, NBC valiantly set out to prove that swing not only scintillates on TV but is newer, "bigger and better" than ever. Visually tricked out with color, old-fashioned microphones and vignettes of young love (a car radio in a moonlit convertible of the '30s), *Swing* swung down the nostalgic side of the street. Besides tooting what is still the sweetest clarinet this side of the '30s, Maestro Goodman husked *It's Gotta Be This or That*, was spelled by such other oldtimers as Trumpeter Harry James in *King Porter Stomp*, Singers Ella Fitzgerald, Jo Stafford and Ray Eberle. But it was not until Benny meshed with his old quintet (including Teddy Wilson on piano and Red Norvo thumping the vibraphone) that Maestro Goodman seemed to hit his old stride in syncopation so well arranged that it sounded like real jazz improvisation. His big band was helped little by a welter of panoramic views of its members, a well-intended effort by NBC to avoid a favorite TV bromide: closeup shots of musicians' tortured faces. *Swing* succeeded chiefly in establishing that Goodman's big-band brand of swing will probably never die because it has never been very much alive, will still be played in all those softly lit hotel restaurants for people who would rather dance than listen.



Aims straight at \$80,000,000

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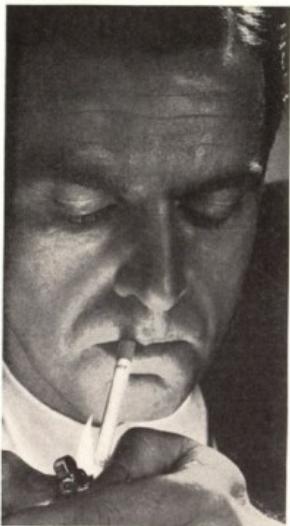
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M E D I C I N E

Life Force

"This pregnancy is no different from my others," said the Oklahoma housewife mildly. Physicians had indeed found that their 27-year-old patient had just about all the obvious signs of a four-month pregnancy. What flabbergasted them was the knowledge that two years before, she had undergone a hysterectomy, and thus could not possibly have conceived.

Last week the University of Oklahoma Hospitals reported that rarely in medical annals has the poignant phenomenon of false pregnancy—pseudocyesis—survived such odds of matter over mind. Pseudocyesis is older than Hippocrates, has affected subjects from seven to 79. Modern medicine knows it as a mental condition, arising from emotional needs so intense that they lead to suppression of menstruation, distention of the abdomen, enlargement of the breasts, and morning nausea. Most cases involve psychotic women with a feeble grasp of reality. But this patient was not psychotic. Her perceptions were normal; she knew all along that the operation had barred her from reproduction.

Maternity Clothes. Her trouble, as the physicians analyzed it, sprang from her intense desire to be "a whole woman." At 13, she developed chronic diabetes. After her first marriage at 18, diabetes complicated the birth of her only child, who was delivered by Caesarean section. Married again at 19, the girl insisted on a second pregnancy against the wishes of both her physician and new husband. The result was a stillborn delivery in the fourth month, followed by the hysterectomy.

Depressed after the operation, she tried vainly to adopt a second child. She lost interest in housework, devoted hours to playing with her daughter, sometimes reversing their roles. When her husband became interested in a more mature woman, she quickly seized upon pregnancy as the only means of keeping her home and self-esteem. Last year she developed all the symptoms of pseudocyesis, including the same sharp decrease in the insulin required to control her diabetes that she had experienced in her real pregnancies.

Labor Pains. She readily consented to psychiatric treatment at a University of Oklahoma hospital. Physicians found her responsive, warm in temperament, of high average intelligence—and inexplicably able to subsist on only six insulin units per day against her normal daily dosage of 30 to 40. After only five weeks of treatment, she appeared fully prepared mentally to end her strange charade. The only question seemed to be how to do it without social embarrassment. Her solution: she returned to the hospital in ordinary clothes after a weekend pass, told fellow patients that she had aborted spontaneously while at home.

Yet the symptoms of false pregnancy stayed on. Three weeks later, still in the hospital, she awoke with severe "labor pains." Not until the "labor pains" had

continued for 24 hours did her "pregnancy" finally end, five months after it began. Next day her insulin need promptly rose. At last she gave away her maternity clothes and went home, where she is now living with her husband and child.

Mouth to Mouth

Blowing directly into the mouth of a person who has stopped breathing is the oldest method of artificial respiration known to man (and akin to the oldest technique of real respiration: the Lord's wafting life into Adam's nostrils). But distaste for touching a moribund victim has brought numerous alternatives, from rolling a man over a barrel to the Nielsen "back-pressure, arm-lift" method, which



Alan J. Bearden—LIFE

NEW ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION
All the way back to Adam.

last year superseded the Schafer "prone-pressure" system in the manual of the American Red Cross (TIME, Oct. 7).

The newest method goes straight back to the oldest. Among the growing number of researchers who contend that nothing beats wafting breath with the lungs is a group from Baltimore City Hospitals and the universities of Maryland and Buffalo. They measured the exact volume of air that each method forced into the lungs of 16 volunteers, all anesthetized and paralyzed with a shot of a compound resembling curare. Summarizing 27 such experiments in the current *New England Journal of Medicine*, the researchers found that neither trained nor untrained operators using either the Schafer or Nielsen methods under field conditions could move enough air into a victim to maintain adequate oxygenation of his blood. Reason: a rescuer's hands are not free to keep the victim's chin up and ensure free air passage through his throat.

Completely successful by contrast was

the mouth-to-mouth method, in which the victim is placed on his back, mouth cleared of all foreign matter, while the rescuer leans down from the side. The rescuer raises the chin of the patient with one hand, forcing open the jaw with his thumb, holds the nose with his other hand. He then blows hard and fast, inflating the victim's lungs, stops when the chest rises so that the lungs can automatically deflate. The cycle is repeated at a rate of 20 inflations per minute until revival. For even more efficient operation (and to spare the finicky rescuer from intimate contact with more messy victims such as drunks), a rubber blowpipe with an S curve has been devised to fit the throat, prevent air from entering the stomach. Of 87 mostly untrained operators who tried the tube for the first time, say the researchers, none failed to revive his victim. Conclusion: all lifeguards, policemen, firemen and other official rescuers should carry such a pocket-size tube.

Hit Record

"Please call Mr. Smith at Mutual 6256." Last week wags were planting such dpan messages by the thousands all over Los Angeles. When the victim called the number, he heard a sepulchral voice intone: "Venereal diseases are increasing in Los Angeles . . . Remember these facts. VD is spread mainly by sexual intercourse and kissing. Symptoms include sores, rashes and discharges. Treatment by a capable physician must begin immediately. These diseases can be cured."

Even before the voice could offer telephone numbers for getting the name of a recommended physician, the pranksters were howling at the caller's consternation. And city health officials wore a slightly abashed look over their role as unwitting accomplices in setting up an epidemic gag.

They began using the telephone number last summer for recorded answers to a deluge of queries about Salk vaccine inoculations. This month, alarmed at an upsurge in VD that is giving the U.S. 1,000,000 new cases of gonorrhea a year (20% among youngsters aged 15 to 19), they installed the VD recording, mentioned it in a single newspaper interview.

As the gag spread, the officials were more jubilant than embarrassed. Their hit record is drawing 5,000 callers a day—so heavy a load that two of their five answering machines burned out and had to be repaired. The payoff: prompted by the message, 70 VD victims daily are telephoning for help. Says one official: "Every case cured helps us to break the chain of infection. We could have spent thousands on propaganda and never begun to get such results."

Doctors v. Dope

As many a novelist has been quick to grasp, the physician's easy access to narcotics is often tragically hard to resist. In California alone, reports the Los Angeles County Medical Bulletin, the state Board of Medical Examiners must consider 50 to 60 cases of addiction or illegal personal use of drugs among doctors every



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year. Chief excuse offered by errant physicians: "Overwork and fatigue, usually attributed to the size of the practice and to night calls." They also plead such pressures as domestic difficulties and pain of a chronic disease or operation.

But against the piddling 5% average recovery rate among lay addicts, California's fallen healers have also scored a phenomenal comeback record of 92%. Main reason, writes Dr. Louis E. Jones, the state medical board's secretary-treasurer, is the humane technique of coping with them. The board immediately revokes an offending physician's license—but usually lets him go on practicing on probation for three to five years. For this privilege, he must give up all use of narcotics unless prescribed for him (or his patients) by a licensed physician. The hope of reinstatement proves a tremendous incentive, but failure to kick the habit is equally strong medicine. With few exceptions, those who lose the battle commit suicide.

Though U.S. drug addiction is on the rise, Dr. Erwin Nelson, former medical chief of the Food and Drug Administration, reported one encouraging note last week. Addiction among teen-agers is falling. Dr. Nelson told the New Mexico Pharmaceutical Association. Of the total 43,963 U.S. addicts on record from 1953 to 1957, the number of those under 21 fell from 1,500 in 1953 to 900 in 1955, and below 800 last year.

Capsules

¶ Trouble for iproniazid, the remarkable new anti-depression drug introduced last year (TIME, Dec. 16), was sparked last week by the death of a San Francisco woman whose physician prescribed it. A coroner's jury ruled that her death (of hepatitis) was directly due to the drug, which is trade-named Marsilid by its maker, Hoffman-La Roche Inc. of Nutley, N.J. In January and February the drug house cut the recommended daily dosage for moderately depressed patients from 150 milligrams to a maximum of 50. It tried to notify most practicing U.S. physicians, but the information never reached the woman's doctor. Last week the company began renotifying some 145,000 physicians, and, by order of the Food and Drug Administration, will recall from druggists' shelves all Marsilid packages bearing the old dosage label.

¶ Smokers who cannot break the habit may owe it all to mother, according to Harvard Psychologists Charles McArthur, Ellen Waldron and John Dickinson. They found that the quitting ability of 250 subjects (Harvard graduates, classes of '38 to '42) was directly proportional to the number of months they spent as infants at their mothers' breasts. Those weaned at eight months were easily able to stop smoking; those at six months still had a chance. But the most confirmed (and heaviest) smokers had taken to the bottle at four months, say the psychologists, too early to satisfy oral need and later keep them off the weed.

With Men who can't be Vague*

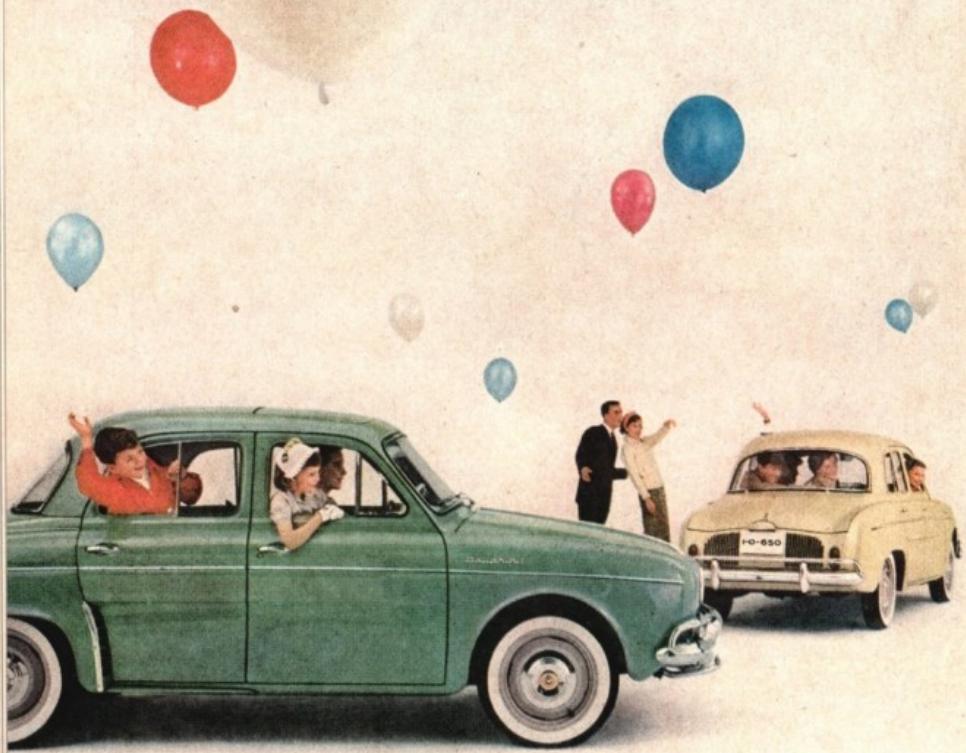


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SCIENCE

Anti-Physics

The strange, other-worldly world of anti-matter is taking shape in the minds of men. Last week Dr. Emilio Segré of the University of California showed the first bubble-chamber picture of an anti-neutron—or rather, a place where an anti-neutron could be proved to have been.

The great bevatron at Berkeley creates anti-protons (protons with negative charges), in fair quantities. When they hit particles of ordinary matter—protons, neutrons, etc.—they generally annihilate themselves and their targets, both turning into weightless energy and neutrinos. About a fortnight ago an anti-proton observed by Dr. Segré and Dr. Wilson M. Powell behaved differently. It entered Dr. Segré's bubble chamber, which is filled with liquid propane on the point of boiling, and made its normal, slightly curving trail of tiny bubbles (*see cut*). Suddenly the trail stopped, and a "star" of four diverging bubble trails appeared a few inches ahead.

Star of Suicides. Dr. Segré has no doubt about what happened. The anti-proton, he says, hit an ordinary, positively charged proton and reacted with it in such a way that the collision produced one ordinary neutron and one anti-neutron. These two particles differ only in their magnetic properties. Neither has any electric charge, and therefore they left no bubble trails. The neutron shot out of the picture undetected, but the anti-neutron hit a carbon atom in the propane and committed double suicide with one of its protons or neutrons. The atom disintegrated, leaving a star of bubble trails made by pions. Anti-neutrons have been detected electronically, but this was the first time that one of them has shown up in a bub-

ble picture where its behavior could be studied in some detail.

The study of anti-matter, says Segré, is a new branch of physics whose interests reach from atomic nuclei to the universe. Scientists can now create all the anti-particles they need to build up atoms of anti-matter. They have anti-neutrons, anti-protons and anti-electrons (positrons). Theoretically, it should be possible to put together anti-atoms with negative (not positive) nuclei at their centers and positive (not negative) electrons revolving around them. Dr. Segré says that this stunt is difficult and probably will not be accomplished for some time.

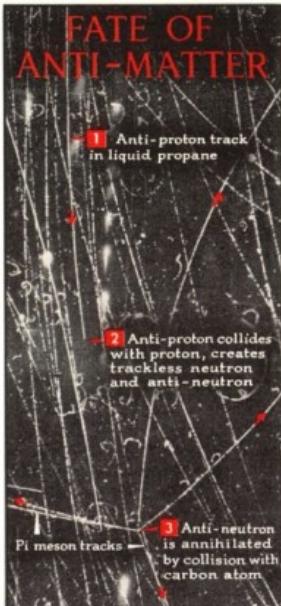
Anti-Gravity. Another long-range problem is to find out whether anti-particles have anti-gravity. Some theorists think that they do, repelling ordinary matter instead of attracting it in the normal way. Physicist Segré thinks this unlikely, but he says that the question of anti-gravity cannot be answered conclusively without an actual experiment. One way would be to isolate anti-neutrons and observe whether they rise in the earth's gravitational field instead of falling as neutrons do. This experiment looks difficult, and Dr. Segré fears that it may not be accomplished for another generation.

The biggest problem of all is whether the universe contains large quantities of anti-matter. Since the two kinds of matter destroy each other in microseconds, there is no anti-matter on earth, and probably none in the local Milky Way galaxy, but Segré is not so sure about the distant galaxies scattered through space. They are so far apart that they would not normally bother each other, even if made of opposite kinds of matter.

If there are galaxies and anti-galaxies, there must be some force that has separated matter and anti-matter. Anti-gravity might do it (the two kinds of matter repelling each other), but Dr. Segré thinks not. He and many of his colleagues are looking for another segregating force. He admits that it will be hard to find, but he points out that it will also be hard to prove that anti-matter was not created along with ordinary matter. Both are equally stable when left to themselves, and the physicists' cherished laws of symmetry suggest that they should have been created in equal amounts.

Pecks in Reverse

Scientists trying to understand human social relationships often experiment with the simpler relations of lower animals. A favorite study is the pecking order of poultry. In groups of chickens there is usually one dominant individual that bosses the others around and may peck them all, but not be pecked in return. Slightly lower than No. 1 is No. 2, which gets pecked by No. 1, but pecks all the rest. At the bottom of the social sequence is a bedraggled, disheartened creature that is pecked by all, but does not peck back. Last week Psychologists Wendell L.



Smith of Bucknell University and E. B. Hale of Pennsylvania State University told a Philadelphia meeting of the Eastern Psychological Association that pecking orders are not immutable. They can be changed by Smith and Hale.

Dividing twelve white Leghorn hens into three groups of four, Smith and Hale allowed the natural pecking orders to establish themselves. When each hen clearly understood its rank in society, Smith and Hale selected pairs of hens from each group. To the wings of the high-ranking hen of each pair, they attached wires from an electric-shock device. Then both were put in a pen with a single dish of grain.

Under such circumstances the high-ranking hen normally eats first, but either Smith or Hale was always lurking outside the pen, finger on the button. Whenever the No. 1 hen tried to eat or peck, it got an electric shock. It also got a shock when the low-ranking hen of the pair plucked up courage to peck it. After a short course of this treatment, the upper-class hens began to have serious doubts about their place in society.

Twelve treatments were enough. Smith and Hale reported that each group had its social order turned upside down. Its top hen became its bottom hen. In two out of three groups, the bottom hen rose to the top. In all groups, the upper middle-class hen—No. 2—clung most tenaciously to its position. The No. 2s needed twice as many shocks as the others to accept a new place in society.



CALIFORNIA'S SÉGRÉ
None in the local Milky Way.

CINEMA

Least Likely to Succeed

(See Cover)

No moon. A bat whirred by invisibly black against black. The football green, solid and trustworthy in the daylight, was a black hole now. At the edge of it a small, skinny boy stood staring big-eyed into the darkness. A tree creaked in the night wind. The boy looked wildly over his shoulder. He almost wished that somebody had noticed him slip out, but people hardly ever noticed little Alec. "Come on, Guinness!" he told himself between chattering teeth. "Come on!" He began to run. He ran clear around the football field as fast as his scrubby legs could carry him, and then ran round it again. He ran through the side door of the school auditorium. There he ran onstage at the instant of his cue (*Enter a Messenger*), staggered up to the startled young Macbeth and collapsed in a spectacular wreckage of words: "Grat(gasp!)cious my (gulp!) lord, I (sob!) should report that (wheeze!) which I (giggle!) . . ." The audience gasped, gulped, stared, roared, crashed into applause.

Alec Guinness had arrived in the theater. Out of obscurity and a world of terrors, a faceless child with haunted eyes had rushed into a place of light; and from that night, the greasepaint stick became his lollipop. In 30 years of play acting, Alec Guinness has made himself one of the most expert living masters of his craft. On the stage he ranks with Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson, in the Big Four of British acting, and he is recognized as the most gifted character actor of the English-speaking theater. On the screen his 17 films—among them such comic classics as *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *The Man in*

the White Suit and *The Captain's Paradise*—have won him a world audience as one of the most subtle and profound of all the clowns since Chaplin, and as a jack-pudding genius of hilarious disguise.

Putty & Wax. Smearied with collodion, hung with plastic eye-bags, festooned with soup strainers, monocles, nippers, wax teeth, putty nebs, and anything else he could find in his makeup kit, Guinness gleefully paraded himself before the public in a glorious album of absurdities. He has been a larcenous bank clerk, a commuting bigamist, a middle-aged suffragette, a bootleg genius, a buck-toothed fiend, a garden editor who liked vegetables better than people, the contents of a cannibal stew, a family of eight, an intellectual ant.

Since 1950, when *Kind Hearts* cleaned up at the art houses, British Cinemactor Guinness has steadily built his mass appeal in the U.S.—largely with his marvelously comical knack of hooking the odd fish. But his audience is not limited to moviegoers. As the star of hundreds of filler shows, which exhibit his comedies habitually, he is a stalwart TV attraction too. By the middle '50s, Guinness was pulling his TV audience into U.S. movie theaters, and movie publicists were bragging that, on the list of British exports, Guinness Stout was hardly as well known as Guinness, Alec; that in fact, when it came to making a bundle for Britain, the Guinness movies were in a class with Scotch whisky and Harris tweed.

Then came *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (TIME, Dec. 23). At one stroke, Actor Guinness was transformed from an interesting foreign name into a big Hollywood star. With one film he more than doubled his movie audience in the U.S.—*Kwai* will probably be seen by at least



Peter Stackpole—LIFE

AT THE MAKEUP TABLE
A mixture of fey, sly and macabre.

50 million Americans, and stands to make more than \$20 million. By his intricate, strongly moving portrayal of a British colonel at once stupid and heroic, Guinness repealed the casual popular impression that he is merely a sort of Stan Laurel for the intellectuals, and revealed himself as a dramatic actor of imposing skill and large imagination. U.S. moviemakers were so impressed that last month the Motion Picture Academy named Alec Guinness the best movie actor of 1957.

One-Man Tibet. Last week, at a Variety Club luncheon in London's Savoy Hotel, Cinemactor Guinness at last got his hands on the object that signifies supreme success in his profession. It was a moment that most actors would give their profiles to experience, a scene that almost any imaginable entertainer would play to the echo. Alec showed up 25 minutes late. The hotel doorman was somewhat upset at the sight of the filthy old tramp with the messy whiskers, paint-smeared jacket, soiled green flannel shirt and cracked shoes, but Guinness was able to establish his identity and the fact that he had just stepped out of a scene in his new picture, a version of Joyce Cary's novel, called *Straight from the Horse's Mouth*.

An actor is rarely presented with such an opportunity for the grand entrance. The other guests, deep in talk and *Escalope de Veau Viennoise*, were setups for a shrewd performance. But Guinness somehow managed to get through a crowd of 500 people without being particularly noticed. After dinner he shyly accepted the club's award as the Best Film Actor of 1957, and then a Columbia executive produced the Oscar. Applause. Alec fidgeted, looked bashfully pleased, mumbled a few words about the "many people in show business who helped me," sat down.

The incident was characteristic. Alec Guinness is a public recluse in the grand theatrical tradition of Maude Adams,



Larry Burrows

ALEC GUINNESS (AS CARY TRAMP) ACCEPTING OSCAR
A master of the invisible gesture and the unspoken word.

Greta Garbo and Paul Muni. And shut up in the passionate reserve is one of the most difficult, complex and enigmatic Englishmen who ever reached for the rouge. "A dark horse," says Sir Laurence Olivier, "a deep one." Director David (Kwai) Lean adds: "Alec is one of the most fantastically knotted-up men I know." And all agree with the actor who called him "the best-kept secret of modern times, a sort of one-man Tibet."

ANONYMITY. At first glance, Guinness at 44 looks remarkably like nothing much. He is rather short and shapeless, with milk-bottle shoulders, chubby hands and a prosperous waistline. He is balding, jugged, and his pale phiz is blotched with pale freckles and pale blue eyes. His usual expression is an unemphatic blank. Critic Kenneth Tynan once mused that "the number of false arrests following the circulation of his description would break all records."

"Anonymity is to Alec," says a friend, "what the Channel is to England." His second line of defense is an impenetrable English hedge of middle-class respectability. Sewed up in a sober suit of excellent cut, clamped in a boiled collar, braced with his faithful brolly, Guinness looks as safe as the Tower.

He is shy and self-deprecating. He rarely refers to himself in the first person—usually as "one." He frequently covers his mouth when he laughs, can rarely bring himself to look anybody in the eye. He is painfully sensitive about his baldness, though he stoically refuses to wear a hairpiece in private life. He talks so quietly that people who talk with him usually wind up whispering, and he walks so softly, a colleague says, that "he is usually at your elbow before you know he is there. Sort of materializes like the Cheshire Cat." He has a tic of shrugging that comes on whenever he feels uncomfortable, and he seems to feel uncomfortable almost everywhere but at work and at home. He lives in dread of being recognized in public, and will hurry out of a shop without making a purchase if he

thinks somebody has noticed him. He is also frightened of reporters, and his unconscious defense is to push ashtrays and pillows at them and keep asking, "Are you quite sure you're comfortable?"

Very few get past the Guinness reserve, but those who do report that the Alec nobody knows is a Joseph's coat of glowing talents and darkly mysterious seams and good grey patches of worsted virtue.

A SENSE OF DIGNITY. Alec is almost magically sensitive to people and to atmosphere. Director Lean "never knew anybody with so many antennae out at once. He knows more about you in a minute than most people would in a lifetime." Along with the sensitivity goes a quick, clear intelligence, soundly educated and widely informed, especially in the arts. His overriding passion is his work, but he is also a devoted husband and father. He met his wife Merula, an ex-actress, when they both played in *Noah* (1935)—she was a tiger, he a wolf. Son Michael, 16, attends Beaumont College near London. Though he makes few friends, Alec is intensely loyal to those he has—Actors John Gielgud, Peter Bull, Michael Gough, Actresses Kay Walsh, Cathleen Nesbitt, Irene Worth, Director Peter Glenville are among the closest. Alec is a generous man. Nothing is too much trouble or expense if it helps a promising young player. Despite his shyness, he is stubborn, determined, and has a strong sense of human dignity—including his own. "I will not be pushed about," he once announced politely but inflexibly during a contract negotiation, "like a bag of tea!"

Seldom so direct, he prefers the dart to the bludgeon. Though not malicious, he is known as a wickedly accurate and irreverent wit, with a special talent for puncturing the pompous, and he does it so delicately that his victims never quite realize where they have been hit. And then suddenly the sly dog turns into a wildly silly puppy. He will dash into a quiet party wearing flap soles and a fright wig, and ramble off in a farrago of slap-happy imitations—invariably topnotch. He is a



"THE PRISONER"



Mark Kauffman—Life

"KIND HEARTS & CORONETS"



"THE LAVENDER HILL MOB"

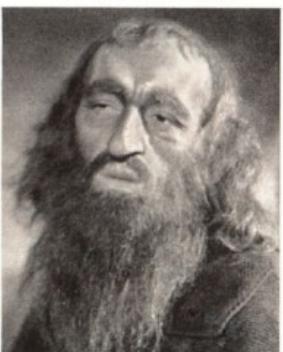


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superb raconteur: his account of Dame Edith Sitwell's recent Roman Catholic baptism ("Can you imagine Dame Edith being borne majestically down the aisle on a little satin pillow?") is simply, as the British say, blue death and ivy. But the special mark of the Guinness humor is a curious mixture of the fey, the sly and the marginally macabre. He would rather get a secret grin than an open laugh.

The Guinness humor, with its turn for the weird, is just one of many signs of a wild Celtic streak in the man. It shows in his flair for the little superstition—he never whistles in a dressing room, never cuts his nails on Friday ("Bizarre, isn't it?"). It shows in his peculiar affinity for the supernatural and in his belief that he has premonitions of dire events to come. In recent years there have been fewer transcendental scrapes and a sense of deepening religious life. In 1956, after taking instructions secretly for a year, Alec was baptized in the Catholic faith.

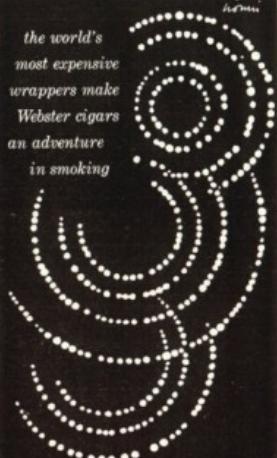
Personal Abyss. Most of his friends agree that Alec needs a religion. He proudly admits to "a certain uncomfortable void" in his life. Says a friend: "I would call it Alec's personal abyss. There is this great sense of absence in the middle of him, this lack of identity. One seldom sees a man who lives so intimately with nothingness."

The feeling of nothingness seems to lie at the base of Actor Guinness' art. It is above all an art of the anonymous—his screen presence itself is actually a sort of commanding absence. The experience of nothingness is a kind of central pain, and pain is at the center of all his characters—the funnier they are, the harder they seem to hurt. He became an actor simply to escape this pain ("One became an actor," as he puts it, "in order to escape from oneself"), but his art is not merely escapism. It seems to resolve itself into a relentless search for his identity, a serious and gifted pursuit of the whole.

Alec finds himself by imitating others. He is a superlative mimic. Like Charles Dickens, one of his favorite writers, he learns what a character is by imitating what he does; like Dickens, he sometimes mistakes caricature for characterization. He invariably begins a character by deciding what he would wear and how he would look—he works from the outside in. In the early stages of a part he is nervous and unsure of himself, prone to tantrums and small cries of "God, I'm inadequate," and piteous little interviews in which he offers to quit "for the good of the show." Nowadays he is somewhat more assured when shooting begins, but he used to do such a flip that Director Lean sometimes started the camera rolling while Alec thought he was still rehearsing. While building a part, Guinness shuts everything else out of his life. He lives his role all day, dreams it at night. In the grip of an unpleasant character, he will coldly rebuff his friends; in the mood of a charming one, he is "simply wizard and a ruddy dear" to people he detests.

Slowly, surely, Guinness devours his

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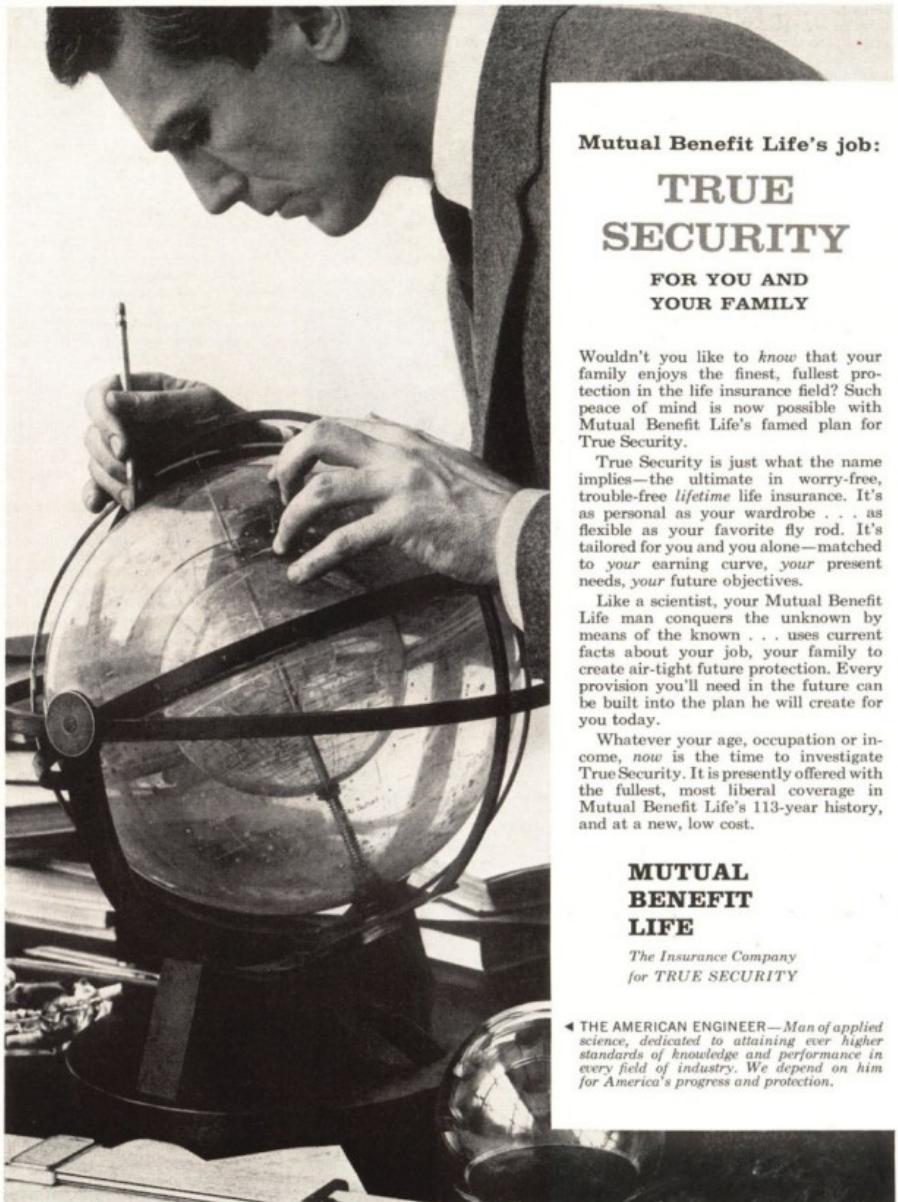
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TIME, APRIL 21, 1958

part. Like a cannibal, he gnaws away at the physical details. But what he is really after is the soul. When he gets it, the gestures are pushed aside like a cocoon, and a new existence emerges. Indeed, Alec's essential gift is not for creating characters, but existences. His people are all somehow like children, playing alone in corners, a life unto themselves. "His is the art of public solitude," says Critic Tynan. "He can seem unobserved."

Indirect Discourse. In Yeats's phrase, it is "the ceremony of innocence," the rite of existence, and Guinness celebrates it in all his roles. Since existence is a mystery, and cannot be seen or touched or understood like a common physical fact, he has developed a peculiarly orphic language of

The Prisoner he suggests that, as well as any living actor, he can interpret a specifically modern sort of hero—the man who is not meant to conquer the world but to battle within himself.

It is a role that Alec knows from painful personal experience. He began to study it in Marylebone, a lower-middle-class section of West London, where he was born on April 2, 1914. His absence of identity is an official fact; no record of his birth exists. Last week Alec cautiously made a statement on the subject to a TIME correspondent: "My father generated me in his 64th year. He was a bank director. Quite wealthy. His name was Andrew. My mother's name is Agnes. He was a handsome old man, white-haired. A

where the dramatic society specialized in Gilbert & Sullivan. Since Alec could not (and still cannot) carry a tune, he shifted scenery. One day he ventured to say he wanted to be an actor. One of the masters sadly shook his head. "You'll never make an actor, Guinness."

At 18, Alec graduated near the top of his class, but could not afford dramatic school. So he took a job in London as an ad writer. Subjects: "bottled lime juice, radio valves, razor blades." Salary: £1 (then \$3.50) a week, most of which was spent for theater tickets. Guinness was good at the job, but after 18 months he had had it. "I felt I had to quit, and do something about the stage." But how to begin? He knew nobody in the theater. He called his favorite actor, John Gielgud, who listened sympathetically and sent him to study with actress Martita Hunt. After twelve sessions with the drab young man, she sadly shook her head. "You'll never make an actor, Mr. Guinness."

The £3 Week. Encouraged, perhaps, by the "Mister," Guinness applied to the Fay Compton Studio of Dramatic Art and somehow won a two-year scholarship. But could he afford to take it? His education fund allowed him 25 shillings (then \$6.25) a week. By eating one meal a day (usually baked beans on toast), he managed to survive, and even to see a regular Saturday matinee. At school he worked hard; after hours, he tailed pedestrians all over London, mimicking their gait and gestures; and at the annual recital, the judges—Actor Gielgud among them—gave him a top prize.

And then all at once the education fund ran out. Desperate, he went to see Gielgud, who got him a tryout—and another and another. No luck. Gielgud had nothing left to offer but a loan. Alec was close to starving. He had eaten nothing but a green apple, a bun and a glass of milk in 24 hours. His last pair of shoes were so far gone that he was walking the streets of London barefoot to save leather. But he refused the kindness and tottered out, weak with hunger.

On the way home, he passed a theater. Lightheaded and confused, he found himself asking for a tryout—at the box office. The stage manager happened to be there, and ten minutes later he had three parts: Chinese coolie, French pirate, British sailor. Salary: £2 a week. "But isn't the Equity minimum £3?" Alec shyly inquired. "None of that talk around here," the manager snarled. Alec said no more, but next day he quietly called Equity and got his £3. He was worth every penny. He threw himself passionately into the role of the coolie, even shaved the top of his head. "It was great for the part," the joke goes, "but terrible for the hair"—which never quite grew out again.

Aching Sincerity. Actor Guinness has never been out of a job since. Three months later he was playing Osriv to Gielgud's Hamlet, and the critics took special note of his "admirable popinjay." Then it was William ("a wondrous blank") in *As You Like It*, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ("a collector's item") in *Twelfth Night*,



WITH WIFE MERULA & SON MICHAEL
Uncomfortable almost everywhere but at work and at home.

gesture and intonation. He almost never expresses an idea directly. He relies on his audience to understand the essence of a situation, to realize what the character feels and is; and so he takes more trouble to hide what he feels than to reveal it. It is more than the usual British understatement; it is a highly developed art of camouflage and a complex grammar of indirect discourse. Actor Guinness is probably the greatest living master of the invisible gesture and the unspoken word.

The essence of such an art is its humanity. It is life-size and it is contemporary. But the method has its limits. It is merely human, and cannot swell to greet the superhuman. Guinness can hardly hope to fulfill the classical heroic roles, the Hamlets and the Agamemmons. Existence in any case is too intimate a thing to be lobbed in full voice across the footlights, but the camera has the faculty to appreciate it. It is for the camera that Guinness seems fated to do his best work. In comedy he has shown what he can do wonderfully well—the little men with the monstrous obsessions, the secret lives of the wicked Walter Mittys. In *Kwai* and in

Scotsman, I saw him only four or five times. I was taught to call him uncle, but I suppose I always knew he was my father."

"You'll Never Make an Actor." Alec never speaks of the first six years of his life, but they were apparently fairly grim. His mother drifted from one resort to another along the Channel coast, from one boarding house to another. Little Alec tagged along, a quiet child, well-behaved, playing alone in corners. At six he was packed off to a middle-class English boarding school called Pembroke Lodge, where his expenses were paid from an education fund set up by his father. Being shy and peculiar and no good at sports, he came in for plenty of ragging. Says Alec expressively: "One was a most unprepossessing child." To amuse himself, he built model theaters and played imaginary parts. One day he tried out for the school play. The headmaster inspected the scrawny little chap and sadly shook his head. "You'll never make an actor, Guinness."

At twelve he was transferred to Rotherham, a somewhat better-known school,

Lorenzo ("meditative, star-struck beauty that takes the breath away") in *The Merchant of Venice*. And at 24, he played his first Hamlet in an Old Vic production directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Most critics agreed that the Hamlet lacked force, but one wrote that "it was touched with sweetness and an aching sincerity." By 1941, when he joined the Royal Navy as a seaman, Guinness had played 34 parts in 23 plays by Shakespeare, Sheridan, Pinero, Chekhov, Shaw; and a small loyal public had begun to follow his star. "It was obvious," says Director Tyrone Guthrie, "that he was going to be tremendously talented. It was not so obvious that he was going to be popular."

Guinness had a comparatively good war. Commissioned, he was sent to the Mediterranean as captain of an LCI, assigned to ferry butter and hay to the Yugoslav Partisans. On convoy duty, he recalls, he had trouble keeping his ship in line, and once, after several days of bad steering, he received a terse communication from the flagship: "*Hebrews 13:8.*" He looked it up in the ship's Bible: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." In the invasion of Sicily he was the first ashore—a mistake in orders. When the admiral arrived at last, Guinness blandly assured him that such a tardy entrance would never be tolerated in the theater.

After the war, Alec resumed his prewar stride with scarcely a hitch, and somehow there seemed to be more muscle in it. In the 1946-47 season he played a deeply original Fool that struck the critics almost as strongly as Olivier's Lear, and he did a swinging good De Guiche in Guthrie's *Cyrano*. About the same time he considered working in the movies ("On the stage I never seemed to have a chance to wear trousers"), and Director David Lean gave him the role of Herbert Pocket, the young swell in *Great Expectations*. The next year, in Lean's *Oliver Twist*, he played a Fagin that made him, for the first time, a favorite with the millions.

Lower Art Form. The year of decision in Guinness' career was 1950. As T. S. Eliot's psychologist in *The Cocktail Party*, he fetched Broadway quite an intellectual wallop. His third movie, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, established him as a world figure, the most famous British zany since Sir Harry Lauder. Alec was not quite sure he liked it. Like most British actors, he looked on cinema as a lower art form.* Besides, he fancied himself rather as a tragedian than as a funnyface. But there it was. And when his cold, existential, matter-of-fact Hamlet ("He was acute and intelligent, but flaw of soul he lacked") flopped in the West End the next year, that tied the ribbon on it. Alec went to work in earnest for the movies.

Since 1953, Guinness has made no more than token appearances in the theater—in Shakespeare at the Stratford Festival in Ontario, in *The Prisoner* in

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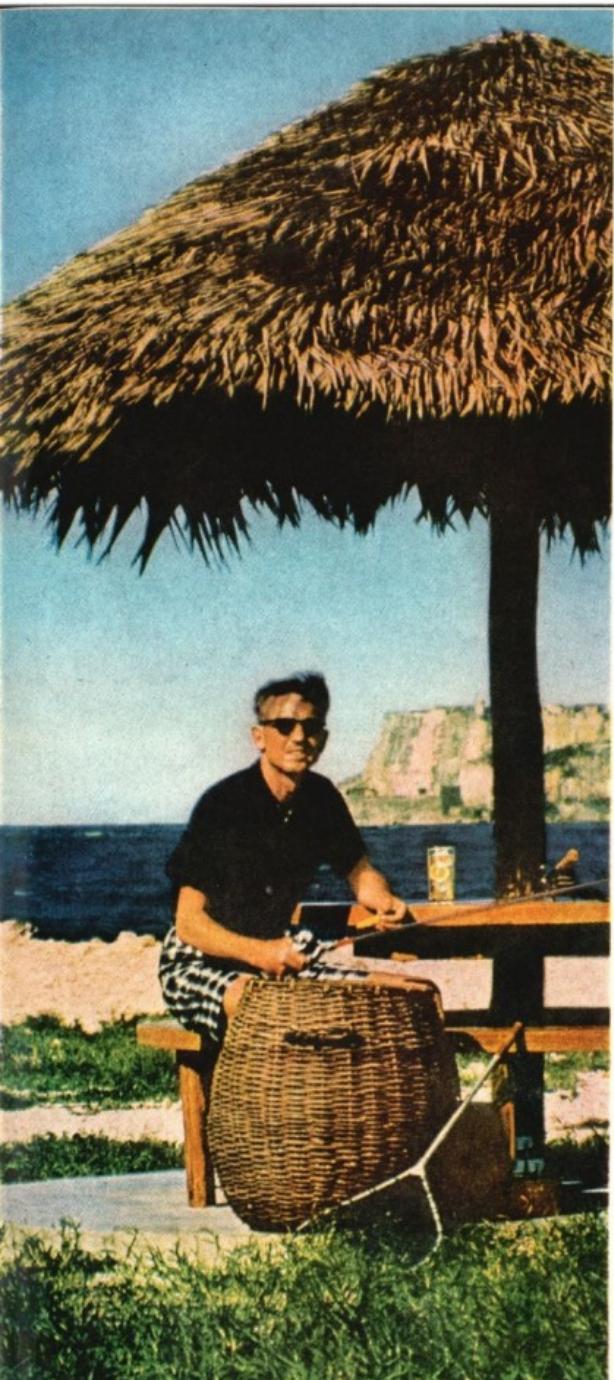
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London. In 1955 he succumbed at last to Hollywood's enticements and starred with Grace Kelly in *The Swan*. He liked Hollywood ("so friendly"), but Hollywood figured Alec for an oddball. For one thing, he had a very peculiar diversion. He took walks. He took them, moreover, in Beverly Hills, where a man without a car is regarded with a good deal more suspicion than a man without trousers. The police stopped the fellow for questioning several times, but never quite managed to get anything on him.

Work on *Kwai* began late in 1956. Three times Alec had refused the part ("a dreary, unsympathetic man"), and he arrived on location in Ceylon with deep misgivings. They deepened when Director Lean informed him casually that he had really wanted Charles Laughton for the part. Alec brooded, and a couple of days later tried to quit. Lean talked him out of it. "Lean!" snarls one of the crew. "That bloody perfectionist! He shot 30 seconds of film a day and then sat on a rock and stared at his goddam bridge." Alec tried to quit again. Lean talked him out of it. For 3½ months the cast and crew sweated it out on jungle location. Poker and 16-mm. movies were the only relaxations. Bickering was incessant. Alec avoided it by sneaking off to fish in the river ("Never caught a bloody thing"). The meridian sunlight fell like hot rivets, the humidity was seldom below 85. The tiles thrived. "One day," Alec recalls with grim satisfaction, "I killed 68 of them." Ten minutes after his last scene was shot, he was racing to the nearest airport and the London plane, and he has not left England since.

Quiet Evenings. There, about 40 miles from London, he lives with his wife and son, two dogs (Tilda and Vesta), a cat (Clover) and a teen-aged parrot (Percy) in a pleasant "Westport modern" house that is the architectural scandal of Hampshire. Mornings at 7 the Bentley pulls up. "Good morning, Fred." "Good morning, sir." Evenings at 7 it brings him back. Occasionally there are guests—the close friends. Merula does her own cooking, and Alec is an expansive host. "I say, that's cracked!" "Oh dear, Guinness has boiled the wine again!"

But generally evenings are quiet and bedtime is 11. Alec works on his sides for the next day, reads a little Dickens, has a go at mah-jongg with Merula—he is "mad for the game." Weekends he stuffs his pockets with patented French fuzes and stalks about the Guinness acres (there are ten of them) waging chemical warfare on the moles. Last week, as he jabbed a poison capsule into the ground with the point of a stout stick, he cocked a fiendish eyebrow and remarked: "I feel beastly, but one of us has to go." And then back to the house to work on a script about Father Damien's leper colony—he wrote most of the scenario for *The Horse's Mouth* too. After *The Horse's Mouth* he is scheduled to make a film version of *The Scapegoat*, by Daphne du Maurier. And after that? "Just keep going on, I guess."



**"Puerto Rico is
full of sunshine, and
so is the rum!"**

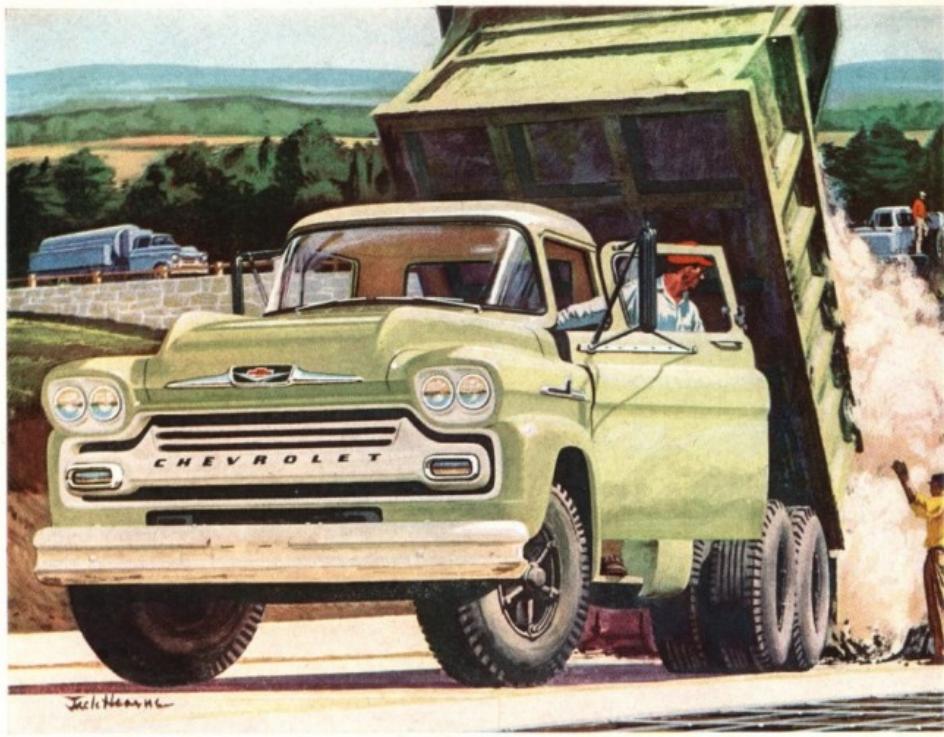
*says Dandridge Caldwell
of Nashville, Tennessee*

"Puerto Rico is a delightful island," says Dan Caldwell. "Everything is drenched in sunshine. Even the rum."

"I hadn't tasted rum in twelve years when I went to Puerto Rico. Ordered a rum and tonic there and was I surprised! That rum is *dry*. Light as a breeze. It makes the best tonic drink I ever tasted."

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◀ Cocktail hour finds Dan Caldwell relaxing across Bahia de San Juan from an ancient Spanish fortress. "Rum and tonic is the word at my house after this," says Mr. Caldwell now. "You can quote me on that."



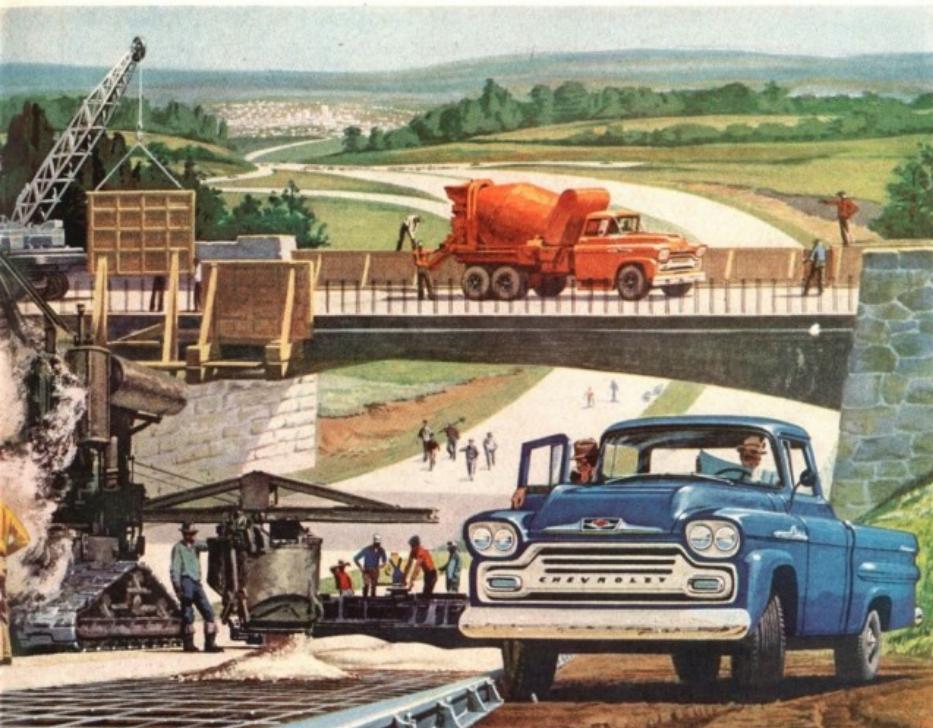
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MUSIC

Texan in Moscow

The rage of Moscow this week was a lanky (6 ft., 4 in.), curly-haired Texan whose long, flashing fingers at the piano keyboard put a rare thaw into the cold war.

Van Cliburn, 23, blazed through the opening round of the first Tchaikovsky International Piano and Violin Festival with 49 other pianists from 19 countries, and his twelve-note span carried him triumphantly through the second round. By then the town's elite was on its ear. To hear him in the finals, standees jammed the aisles in the Moscow Conservatory's deep balconies. Soldiers held back enthusiastic crowds in the street outside. To the hundreds of callers who asked for tickets, the Conservatory's box office had a standard reply: "Cliburn is playing tonight; call back tomorrow."

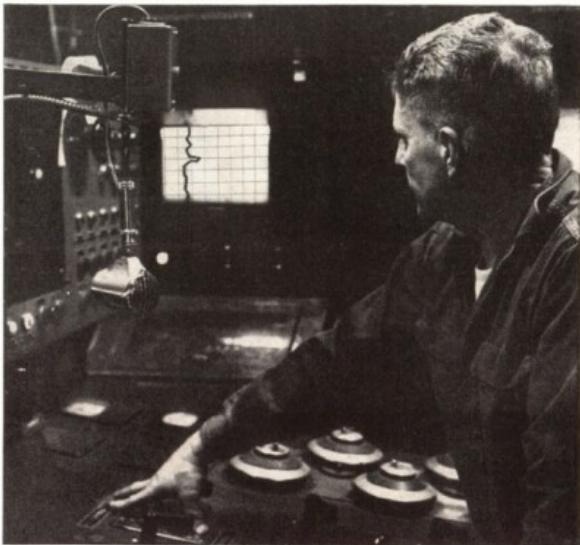
Snapped String. In the finals, which matched him against eight other pianists—including three top-rated Russians and another American, Los Angeles' Daniel Pollack, 23—the good-looking young Texan chose to play Rachmaninoff's powerful *Concerto No. 3*. As required of all finalists, he also played Tchaikovsky's familiar *First* and a rondo by Soviet Composer (and contest judge) Dmitry Kabalevsky, who wrote it for the contest.

Despite a bandaged index finger (which he had cut during a grueling rehearsal), Cliburn displayed the tautly controlled technique, the steel-fingered power and booming romantic style that had dazzled audiences in the opening rounds. Toward the end of the rondo, a piano string snapped under his bold percussive attack. He piled through the rest of the piece without faltering, rose after the final Rachmaninoff to one of the most thunderous ovations ever accorded an artist in Moscow.

For nearly ten minutes the bravos echoed through the cavernous hall; finally the judges, in violation of the contest rules, permitted Cliburn to return to the stage for second bow. Then the orchestra rose and joined the ovation. Backstage, the jurors, including famed Russian Pianist Emil Gilels, embraced Cliburn. Alexander Goldenweiser, octogenarian dean of Russian pianists, kept repeating one word: "Genius!" Hearing the news, the New York Philharmonic promptly signed Cliburn for four Manhattan concerts in the winter.

Lost Pounds. Still, with six of his rivals yet to play, Cliburn's victory was hardly assured; indeed, on his U.S. record, he could not have been expected to whip up such frenzy. Born in Shreveport, La., the son of an oil executive, Cliburn grew up in Kilgore, Texas, studied the piano with his mother, a one-time concert pianist named Rilda Bee. He had no other training until he enrolled at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music in 1951 to study with Russian-born Teacher Rosina Lhevinne. He won the Leventritt Award for

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PIANIST VAN CLIBURN
A triumphant thaw in the cold war.

young pianists in 1954, and as a result made his debut with the New York Philharmonic to glowing reviews. But like many another promising young U.S. instrumentalist, he promptly dropped out of sight on the smalltime recital circuit, found himself playing successful but unheralded recitals in places from High Point, N.C. to Coldwater, Mich.

It was the Russians, still slightly incredulous that any U.S.-trained pianist could be so good, who decided that he was ready for the big time. The night before Composer Dmitry Shostakovich was to hand out the first prize—25,000 rubles, or \$6,250 at the official rate—Moscow leaked the winner's name: Van Cliburn. Said Pianist Cliburn: "I can't believe it." Then, noting the 10 lbs. he had lost during his harrowing two weeks of competition, he added: "I'd like to go back to Texas, I'm just about to break down."

Jazz Records

Jazz once meant improvised music. Now jazzmen have taken to improvising musical instruments. Some of the weirdest recorded jazz sounds currently around come from a "gooped up" harpsichord and a clavichord caught by a closeup microphone. They are the products of two men from different sides of the musical tracks: 48-year-old Texan Red Camp, who supports himself by giving piano lessons in Corpus Christi, and Manhattan's Bruce Prince-Joseph, 32, the pianist, harpsichordist and organist of the New York Philharmonic.

Jazzman Camp wields his gallused, honky-tonk style on an Emory Cook record called *The New Clavichord*. The old-fashioned clavichord has a gentle tinkle, but partly through the recording technique, Camp gives such numbers as *Wing and a Prayer* and *Cocktails for Two* an ice-edged, splintered sound full of white fire and ghostly glimmer. In *Slow Slow*

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Blues he etches some wonderfully spidery lines. The sound is not for everybody, but Camp is convinced: "It brings out the contrapuntal lines. It lends itself to blues beautifully."

If Camp works in ice and acid, Pianist Prince-Joseph, in his album *Anything Goes* (RCA Camden), coaxes surprisingly sensuous sonorities out of his pedal harpsichord. His album achieves a fusion of styles that he refuses to label either jazz or classical. In *I Could Have Danced All Night*, for instance, he starts with a theme from Rodolfo's aria, *Che gelida manina* from *La Bohème*, develops the second chorus as a Mozart sonatina, cuts loose briefly with a sample of stride harpsichord, returns to *Bohème* in the coda. The album should send hi-fi bugs skittering, but no sound on it is as fascinating as the musical imagination that puts them together.

Other jazz records:

John Coltrane with the Red Garland Trio (Prestige). Tenor Saxophonist Coltrane swings his raucous solos like a truncheon in such numbers as *Trancing In* and *Bass Blues*, but the honors here go to Pianist Garland, whose lean, light-fingered attack and delicate sense of mood never falter.

The Cooker (Lee Morgan, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Bobby Timmons, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; "Philly" Joe Jones, drums; Blue Note). A talented group cooks up some minor frenzies, e.g., *A Night in Tunisia*, *Heavy Dipper*, with unabashed spontaneity and irresistible drive. The prize sound is Gillespie Protégé Morgan's trumpet, which speaks hard and clear even when it is going like sixty.

Great Ideas of Western Mann (Herbie Mann's Californians; Riverside). Flutist Mann abandons his favorite instrument for one of the least likely of solo instruments—the bass clarinet. The fudge-thick sound has a wistful, funky charm, but often Soloist Mann evokes a fat man in a conga line.

Swedish Modern Jazz (Arne Dommerus and His Group; RCA Camden). The Swedes swing lightly and flexibly through *Topsy Theme*, *Gone With the Wind* and other numbers with the air of men with their hearts in their horns, but in their cooler moments (*Relax*, *Blue Moon*) they sometimes seem about to fade off the record. Alto Saxophonist Dommerus wanders through some seamless lyric flights translated from Charlie Parker's and Benny Carter's books.

Most Likely . . . (Dick Johnson, with Dave McKenna, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; "Philly" Joe Jones, drums; Riverside). An alto saxophonist with wit and a springy, willow-green reed sound, Johnson bounces through a few of his own sunny fancies (*Aw C'mon Hoss, Me 'n' Dave*), gives fresh nuances to some twilit standards (*It's So Peaceful in the Country*, *The End of a Love Affair*). Among his best: a gusty frolic called *Lee-Antics*, which rings its intricate changes with geysering exuberance, builds to a stunning solo flight on the drums.

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In Cuba newsmen were getting a warm welcome—provided they did not go near the revolution. In Havana beaming President Fulgencio Batista entertained 26 newsmen at his 100-acre estate, served them daiquiris and charm, fondled kittens for photographers. But at the very moment Batista was being nice to some newsmen in Havana, his soldiers were throwing others into jail in strife-torn Santiago de Cuba. There, soon after arrival, the Chicago *Sun-Times'* Ray Brennan, NEA's Ward Cannel and Las Vegas TV Reporter Alan Jarlson were herded into a filthy jail and held incommunicado for nearly ten hours. Miami TV Camerman Ben Silver was imprisoned for four days. Three other newsmen, including the *New York Times'* Homer Bigart, were picked up but quickly released.

Even in Havana, correspondents were harassed by cable censorship and capricious if ineffectual monitoring of outgoing phone calls. Veteran Newsman Brennan (*TIME*, Sept. 22, 1952) managed to telephone out the story of his jailing only by sprinkling his copy with superlatives ("They served us a wonderful breakfast. The bread was a delicious grey color"). There was one bloodstained breach in Batista's hospitality. Reporter Neal Wilkinson was sipping coffee across from the presidential palace when police caught up with a group of teen-age rebels who stopped a few feet from Wilkinson. One cop turned on Wilkinson and, disregarding his cries of "Americano," clubbed him about the face and body, pursuing him until he reached the sanctuary of his hotel.

Trying to repair the breach, Prime Minister Gonzalo Gómez promised to help newsmen get their stories out—provided they do not "misinterpret" events.

The Prejudiced Palate

To nearly two generations of Broadway producers at more than 10,000 first nights, no onstage exits were as important as the abrupt, deadpan departures of Critic George Jean Nathan from his aisle seat. If that departure came (as it did all too often) at the end of the second act, financial disaster loomed ahead. For his abrasive wit in demolishing flimflam and fraud, his impish pride in prejudice, and not least for his ability to hone a sharper line than most of the playwrights he panned, slight (5 ft., 7 in., 130 lbs.), white-thatched First Nighter Nathan was one of Broadway's most feared and lonely figures. In a rain of newspaper columns, magazine articles and books, he aimed his dyspeptic darts at every sober-sided target from Hollywood to Herbert Hoover. Yet when Critic Nathan made his final exit last week at 76, the U.S. theater mourned the death (of arteriosclerosis) of its doughtiest champion.

Other U.S. critics may have made as high demands on the theater, but none has ever matched the bright, Nathanic

blend of impudence and intellect, rapture and irreverence. "Art," he held, "is a beautiful, swollen lie; criticism, a cold compress." While he derided "soapbox philosophers" and "commercial uplifters," Critic Nathan preached, cajoled and bullied to carve out a niche for Eugene O'Neill, the first U.S. dramatist to achieve worldwide renown. He worked as hard to popularize such famed European playwrights as Sean O'Casey, Ferenc Molnar, and Luigi Pirandello. Says the *New York Times'* Drama Critic Brooks Atkinson: "Nathan had as profound an influence on



Louis Faurer
CRITIC NATHAN (1952)
With malice toward some.

the American theater as George Bernard Shaw on English theater."

Up from *Mushkatsch*. In 1932, when a headline-hunting congressional committee warned Nathan that "dramatic criticism has destroyed the legitimate spoken drama of our country," Nathan's retort killed the projected investigation as cold as any Broadway turkey. Said he: "Dramatic criticism has made over the American drama from *mushkatsch*. It is necessary for dramatic criticism to show no mercy toward what still persists of the ignorant older order and to butcher it to death as quickly as possible."

Journalist Nathan's most effective weapon was not a butcher's knife but a stylist's stiletto. With malice toward some, he dubbed Noel Coward's *Design for Living* "a pansy paraphrase of *Candida*"; dismissed T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* as "bosh, sprinkled with mystic cologne." Maxwell Anderson, jeered Nathan, "enjoys all the attributes of a profound think-



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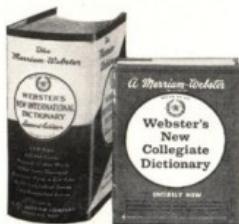
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er save profundity." Nor did Nathan spare his fellow critics: Said he: "Impersonal criticism is like an impersonal fist fight or an impersonal marriage, and as successful. Show me a critic without prejudices, and I'll show you an arrested cretin."

The Amorous Electric Chair. Though he wore his cynicism on his sleeve, Critic Nathan was nonetheless a deep-dyed romantic. Said he: "Life, as I see it, is for the fortunate few—life with all its Chinese lanterns, lovely tunes and gay sadness." He doted on good food, elegant restaurants and fine cigars, and was so faithful a connoisseur of burlesque that he followed it from Manhattan into wistful exile in New Jersey's flea-bitten strip operas. In his seedy, cluttered hotel apartment near Times Square, Bon Vivant Nathan stored a three-year cache of champagne "in case of siege." In and out of print he loved nothing better than a pretty girl—and feared nothing worse than being married to one. In 1955, after a 17-year courtship, he married Actress Julie Haydon and with stoic good cheer settled back for three happy years in what he had called "the amorous electric chair."

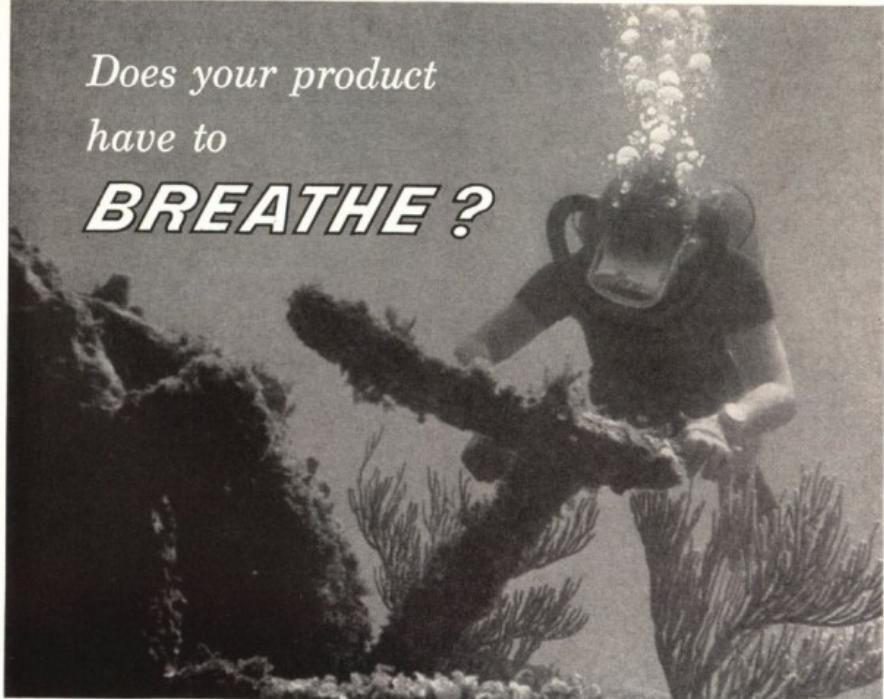
Son of a French lawyer who settled in Indiana, George Jean Nathan chose Cornell as the U.S. college "most like a European university," got his first job on the old *New York Herald*. In 1905, over double drinks in a Manhattan bar, he struck up a partnership with Henry Louis Mencken® that was to last through two decades and make Nathan's byline famed on Main Street as well as on Broadway. Together they became the scorpion-tossing twins of Jazz Age journalism. On Nathan's *Smart Set* (1914-23), Mencken's old *American Mercury* (1924-33), and the short-lived *American Spectator* (1932-35), the slim, elegant Nathan and hulking, tousled Mencken battered at boneheads and "dingdoodles" (Nathan's pet epithet for self-satisfied know-nothings). When Mencken died two years ago, his meat ax seemed as anachronistic as a halberd. But Critic Nathan—though the day had passed when he could kill a play with a quip—remained an acute and acidulous observer of the theater whose only visible sign of mellowing was his decision last year to enter the Roman Catholic Church.

Nathan had always written his reviews—and 40 books—in longhand; when arteriosclerosis cramped his right hand in 1956, he quit his longtime (13 years) job as drama columnist for Hearst's King Features Syndicate. He dictated his memoirs for *Esquire*, and last month, in a piece prepared for *Theatre Arts* magazine's June issue, had his last, impish say on the state of the American theater. "It seems," wrote he, "that we still have with us the volunteer embalmers who are yapping that the theater is dead. The theater will live as long as there is one pretty girl left on its stages." For Critic Nathan, the Chinese lanterns were still blazing.

* Though a contemporary dittyist added a third member:

*Mencken and Nathan and God,
Yes, probably, possibly, God.*

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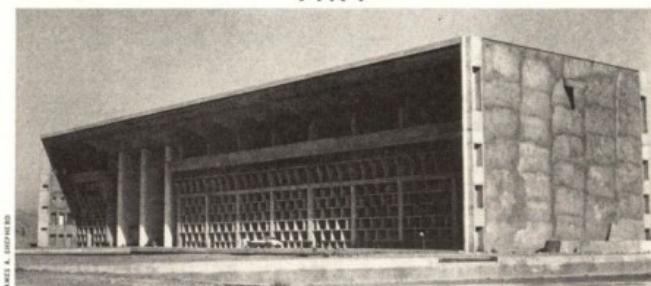
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Lightning at Chandigarh

"The world's architects come to see what is going on in Chandigarh," said India's Prime Minister Nehru. Then, before a vast crowd of officials, clerks, laborers, housewives and children, Nehru troweled mortar from a silver bowl and set the cornerstone for a gigantic, tower-topped legislative hall. The building will be the latest major edifice to get under way in the new capital of the Punjab, a site that only seven years ago was a cluster of mud hut villages on the grassy plain southwest of the Himalayas. Now one-third completed, Chandigarh (pop. 50,000) ranks as one of the century's boldest schemes for a new city.*

Judges of What? But behind the glowing words of Jawaharlal Nehru all is not well in Chandigarh. Some of the clients are in strong disagreement with the architect—a man described by Nehru as "one of the world's great men"—France's dogmatic, bespectacled Le Corbusier, 70. The first of "Corbu's" Chandigarh buildings—

the massive, sculptural High Court—has won ringing praise from architects and critics. But the men who use it most, the High Court judges, have handed down some sharp dissents.

The judges have openly defied Corbu's decree that all vehicular traffic approach the building on a sunken drive. Instead, they drive up on the paths the architect laid out for pedestrians, and park their cars under the great arches that rise to the building's parasol roof. Le Corbusier indignantly photographed the grease spots left by the cars beneath his splendid arches, and snapped: "What sort of judges are these who do not obey the traffic laws?" Five of the eight judges decided that they did not like the abstract cubist tapestries Le Corbusier designed for their courtrooms, had them hauled down. "They should confine themselves to being judges of law," growled Corbu, "not set themselves up as judges of art."

No Buffalo. Some Indians of lesser status also disagree with the great architect. A public-opinion poll published by Punjab's leading English-language newspaper, the *Tribune*, favored postponement of

the legislative building as an economy measure. (Retorted Le Corbusier: "What do grocers and peasants know of the work I am doing?") Chandigarhians protest that the plan of the city, built from the periphery inward, leaves too great distances between the buildings. While Le Corbusier is not personally designing the housing, residents complain that his plan results in a built-in caste system, with income groups divided block by block and identified by the color of their water cisterns. Another objection: the plan makes no provision for that old Indian custom of keeping a buffalo around the house.

Although they complain about these features of their new capital, the people of Chandigarh are gradually developing a local pride, and are beginning to look down on other Indian cities. They take pleasure in pointing out in New Delhi some architectural features, e.g., sun-breakers and louvers, copied from Chandigarh. Architect Le Corbusier, often the center of controversy, claims to dislike the furor, but clearly is not surprised by it. "I am like a lightning conductor," he declares. "I attract storms."

* Another, Brazil's capital city of Brasilia.

NATURE IN ABSTRACTION

IT is not easy to find meaning amid the drips and daubs, splashes and swirls of contemporary abstract painting. But John I. H. Baur, curator of Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art, believes he has found more in U.S. modern art than even the artists admit. He has documented his thesis with the works of 58 abstract sculptors and painters in a touring show, "Nature in Abstraction," now on view at the Phillips Gallery in Washington, D. C. The thesis: U.S. abstract painters, consciously or unconsciously, are bringing nature back into the picture as a prime source of inspiration and imagery.

Curator Baur rounded up works ranging from Old Timer John Marin's *Movement-Sea or Mountain, As You Will* to Willem de Kooning's splashy February, found examples from the East Coast to the West (see color page). Arranged in such all-encompassing categories as "The Land and the Waters," "Light, Sky and Air" and "Cycles of Life and Season," they make a handsome array of abstract art that seems to add a modicum of rhyme and season to what had hitherto seemed merely decorative or chaotic.

Artists' reaction to the Baur thesis reached from sur-

prised agreement to eloquent indignation. William Kienbusch (TIME, June 4, 1956), who sometimes uses photographs in painting nature-titled abstractions, readily admits that nature has long been an at-the-elbow companion. Says John Helicker, another abstractionist: "The best paintings I have ever done relate to the deepest feelings I have had about a place." But old-line Abstract Expressionist Adolph Gottlieb grimly dissents: "I never use nature as a starting point, I never abstract from nature, I never consciously think of nature when I paint. In the painting *Red Sky*, my intention was simply to divide the canvas roughly in two, using red paint in one area and black paint in the other."

Such celebration of painting materials for their own sake (much as if a composer were to write a concerto about, not for a violin) seems on its way out. Strongest trend Baur spotted was "a general but oblique re-direction of abstract expressionism toward nature for its own sake." Painter Kyle Morris put it simply: "This kind of painting does not start with nature and arrive at paint, but on the contrary, starts with paint and arrives at nature."



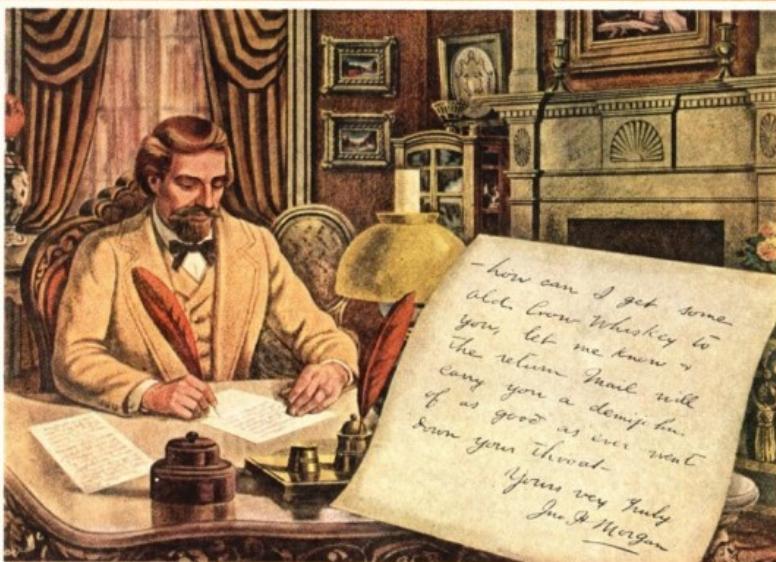
WHITNEY MUSEUM, GIFT OF FRIENDS

HEMLOCK, by Joan Mitchell, 32, Manhattan painter, was inspired by "remembered landscapes that I carry with me and my own feelings of them."

MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

BLUE LANDSCAPE, by Lawrence Calcagno, 42, reflects "my identification with the West, where I was born, showing man's solitude in vast spaces."





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EDUCATION

The Classless Society

Marching unflinchingly into the 20th century, the Harvard Club of Boston undertook some social legislation, amended its bylaws by striking out the word "servants," substituting "employees."

Back Talk

The progressive educationists have taken some harsh criticism in recent months, but not all of them are listening in the storm cellar. A few are talking back—indignantly and in the same old rich, deep-purple educationese.

Languages for What? Should children be taught foreign languages in elementary school? Only if two or more languages are spoken in the community, according to a report issued last week by the Association



Walter Bennett

APOLOGETIC HOLLINSHEAD
In rich, purple educationese.

for Supervision and Curriculum Development of the National Education Association. In such cases, Authors Elizabeth Engle Thompson and Arthur E. Hamalainen say, the foreign language "should become part of the social living experiences in every classroom." But in communities with only one language "instruction to develop skills and vocabulary for all elementary school children in a particular language is without purpose."

The authors, who apparently assume that children are going to stay put in the towns where they are first taught, make another assumption much favored by the educationists—that "learning for learning's sake" is of scant value, and that only "life purposes," i.e., "needs of hunger, physical comfort, the desire for expression and social integration," can properly lead a child to learn. Is the purpose of study to beguile children or to educate future adults? "Why dramatize 'The Three Bears'

in Spanish or French? . . . In general, such language learning has little immediate social value. Children would derive similar enjoyment and have experience in creative self-expression were they to do this same dramatization in English."

What Is Truth? In the *Educational Record*, Byron S. Hollinshead, one-time president of Cox College of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes what is virtually an educationist manifesto: "One can be lost in admiration for hard work and high standards . . . without believing that rote learning and a heavy emphasis on past civilizations constitute the best preparation for solving modern problems." French children, says he, are interested in Latin because it is similar to their own language, because it is used in Roman Catholic churches, and because Roman ruins arouse their curiosity, but "one cannot expect an American boy to have the same interest in Latin and European history."

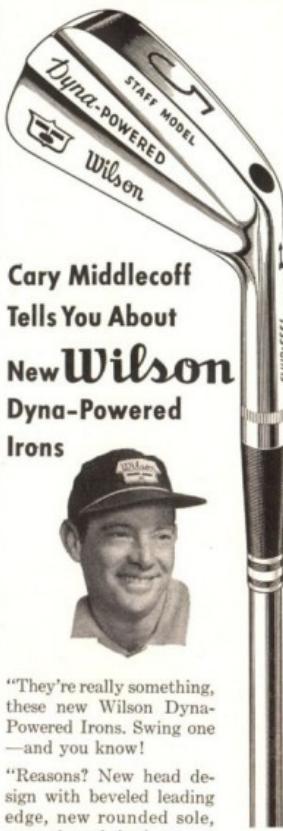
Science and math? "Why should everybody pursue algebra, physics and chemistry? Must everyone play the piano, or play football?" Granted that a knowledge of arithmetic and general science is essential, how far beyond that are low-ability students supposed to go?" Summing-up Hollinshead credo: "We do not believe that human truth is always and everywhere the same. We believe it varies and changes with time and place . . . We also believe that education has something to do with preparing the student to be able to adjust (horrible word of the critics)."

The Best Defense

Stung by charges that U.S. schoolmen are too much concerned with group adjustment, too little with individual excellence, the National Association of Secondary-School Principals—some 16,500 members, and an arm of the many-limbed National Education Association—last week had issued a call to arms: "Now is the time for all members of the profession to rise up and make forceful protests against irresponsible and dishonest reporting on secondary education." Targets: TIME and LIFE. Weapon: "To question the continuation of subscriptions to the LIFE and TIME publications in your school . . ."

N.A.S.S.P. President George E. Shattuck and Executive Secretary Paul E. Elcker called the first installment of LIFE's "Crisis in Education" series "a degrading misrepresentation of today's program," referred to part of an article by Novelist Sloan Wilson (LIFE, March 24) as "a caricature of secondary education," cited charges of statistical inaccuracy brought by Dr. Harold C. Hand, University of Illinois education professor.

Educationists Shattuck and Elcker urged principals to write TIME Inc.'s President Roy E. Larsen, also threatening boycott. The N.A.S.S.P. officials added a professional tip on pressure-cooking: "Of course, the force of your letter will be discounted if you indicate that you have



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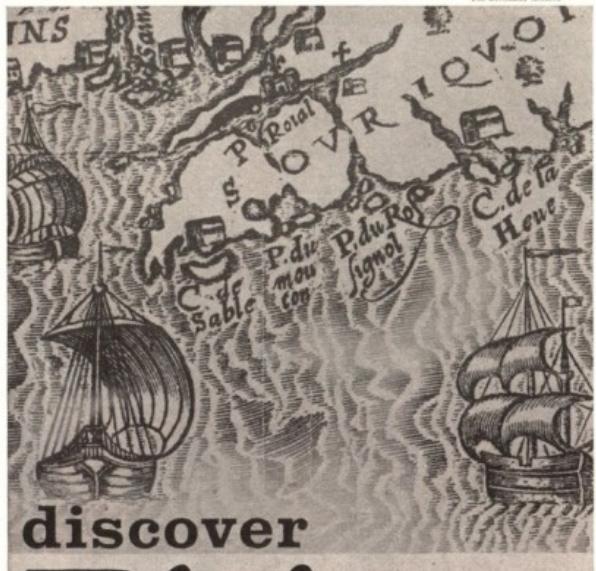
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been advised to write such a letter." At week's end more than 100 educators and educationists had taken the advice. Among them: Executive Secretary Elicker, who reported amazement "that you should allow such a distorted presentation, definitely inimitable [sic] to American education."

Replied Larsen, who is also chairman of the advisory board of the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, board chairman of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, and an overseer of Harvard: "I feel that there was something presumptuous, if not insulting, in spelling out to intelligent educators and members of the N.A.S.S.P. precisely what they should think about LIFE's article and what to do about it. Would it not have been more in the tradition and spirit of free inquiry to suggest to them that they read the whole series of articles in LIFE and then let you and me know what they thought of them?"

Teacher's Crime (Contd.)

When Elementary School Teacher Minnie Lee Baskin was bulldozed into resigning (TIME, March 3), no one in rural Lakeland, Ga., thought that she would ever teach there again. Her excellent 21-year teaching record was far outweighed by her act of allowing one of her pupils, a nine-year-old white boy, to ride home in a Negro school bus because the white bus had already left and her own car had a flat tire.

The father of the white boy cooled down, signed a paper saying that Minnie Lee Baskin had meant no harm. Appealing to the State Board of Education for reinstatement, Teacher Baskin said that she had resigned under duress. But when the board put off its hearing because it had not received the proper papers, knowing Lakelanders smiled cynically.

Stung to attention by national publicity, the Atlanta Journal sent Reporter Margaret Shannon to Lakeland, printed her indignant articles flogging school officials. With the state hearing coming up at the end of the month, local schoolmen, unwilling to face a second reproof from the press, met hurriedly with two state officials, said that Teacher Baskin could return to work with full back pay, no loss of benefits. Back in a fourth grade classroom last week, the 65-year-old teacher, who will retire with a pension in June, said: "It has been most trying for me. I'm glad it's all over."

Gifts of the Week

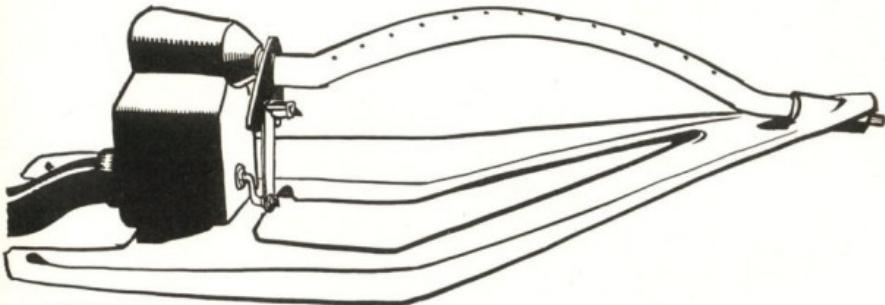
Beginning a "major effort to encourage and support higher education in business," the Ford Foundation last week announced a grant of \$1,100,000 to Harvard's famed Graduate School of Business Administration, and a jackpot of \$1,375,000 to the University of Chicago's relatively little-known, expansion-bound School of Business. Harvard will use the money to expand its doctoral program; Chicago will divide \$1,000,000 between two endowed professorships, spend the rest on fellowships, faculty grants.

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THE THEATER

The Tiger & the Lady

To wild applause, a shaggy, prune-faced man lunges onstage at Manhattan's Bijou Theater, his skinny torso masked by a loose red sweater, his hands feverishly clutching a rolled-up newspaper. Then Monologuist Mort Sahl, 30, star of *The Next President*, tigerishly launches into his act. He runs on and on and on, a Beat-Generation Cotton Mather who gives half the names in the news a beating, cracking his whip up Pennsylvania Avenue one minute, down Madison Avenue the next. Ostentatiously irreverent, he is at times witty, oftener merely outspoken.

In offbeat nightclubs and twice a week on NBC Radio's *Nightline* (Tues. and Thurs. 9:10 p.m., E.S.T.), Comie Sahl has been convulsing audiences with his chip-on-shoulder, seemingly ad-libbed yuks. Not everyone has been convulsed. A bitter, nervous type, Sahl talked himself right out of two TV contracts by tactlessly placed sallies, offended network brass by opening one NBC spot with: "Well, kids, if we're good today, General Sarnoff might like us, and if he likes us he'll go to Charles Van Doren and get us more money."

But the Sahl legend continues to grow. Often mercilessly abusive ("I see where J. Edgar Hoover has written a book. I think it's called *How to Turn In Your Friends to the FBI for Fun and Profit*"), sometimes sharply on target ("The re-issue title of this paperback book is *Here Is My Flesh*, which originally appeared as *An Introduction to Accounting*"), Sahl flays both political left and right, free-wheels through a labyrinth of rambling asides to his punch lines.

Son of a frustrated playwright, Sahl joined the Army at 17 ("I was so close to MacArthur I got radiation burns"), ma-



Friedman Abeles

MORT SAHL
Often gaseous.

jored in public administration at the University of Southern California, later worked up to S.R.O. appearances at nightspots in San Francisco and New York.

In a Broadway theater grown intellectually a little stuffy, Sahl is a kind of nice fresh breath of carbon monoxide. Beyond talking miles too long (he should never stay beyond nightclub limits), his current great faults are too much smugness and too little showmanship. He could be more outrageous if he were less obviously pleased with his manner and his mission, if he did not wait for laughs and even join in them. The danger with anybody as much commentator as jester is that the mocking will become the messianic; already there is an atmosphere in the audience of followers rather than fans.

Less than two blocks from Sahl's Broadway debut, England's Joyce Grenfell, a gaily chirping mockingbird, was back, after 2½ years, with her monologues and songs. After a travesty on Opening Numbers, she imitates a Stately Homeowner on TV, lady choriosters at the Albert Hall, assorted cockneys and Yankees, a barebrained cultist and a cheery nursery-school teacher. Mimic Grenfell's satiric range is narrow, her lunges make mere surface wounds, and half a Grenfell loaf is better than all of one. But her art, if thin, is pure, and it is an art—one that flowered most richly with the late Ruth Draper. To call Joyce Grenfell a superior Draper's assistant is not faint praise.

A nerveless ("I never get stage fright") old pro, London-born Joyce Grenfell, 48, stumbled onstage by accident in 1939 as



Tony Armstrong Jones
JOYCE GRENFELL
Never beastly.

* Her mother, a sister of Lady Astor and the late Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, was one of the five beautiful Langhorne sisters of Virginia.

a sideline to a happy career as wife (to Mine Director Reginald Grenfell), a radio critic for the *Observer*, and sometime writer for *Punch*. She was dragged into a London revue after a party performance. She later collaborated with Wit Stephen (*Gamemanship*) Potter on BBC comedies, by 1955 had played outstanding bits in movies (*Genevieve*, *The Belles of St. Trinian's*) and her first solo revue in London.

Satirist Grenfell gathers material for her all-too-humans from observation: "But I'm really not conscious of observing people any more. I think I did it all years ago and just stored up. My characters are all composites. I never set out to be beastly. There's a little bit of me in all of my characterizations."

Good Pickings

The choosy New York Drama Critics Circle, which has been known to hold on to its annual awards when no recipient was considered deserving, met last week to name the season's best productions. The vote:

¶ Best American play: Ketti Frings's adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*.

¶ Best foreign play: John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*.

¶ Best musical: Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*.

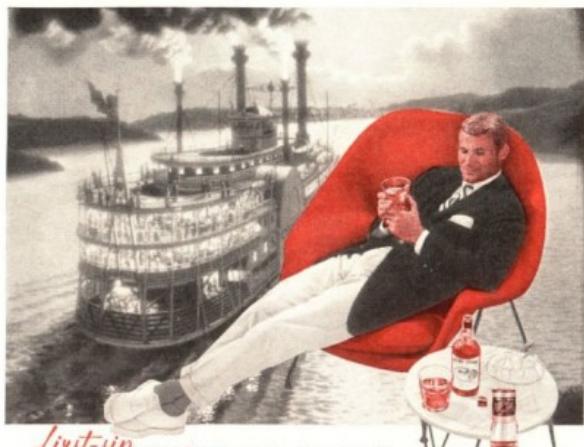
When the results were announced, no man in Manhattan walked on lighter feet than portly, grey-haired Kermit Bloomgarden, 53, the first producer (*The Music Man*; *Look Homeward, Angel*) to win two Critics Circle awards in one season. He was also a walking contradiction to

* Which this week also got the Antoinette Perry award as the season's outstanding musical, collected four additional "Tonys"; for most outstanding male star (Robert Preston), supporting musical players (David Burns, Barbara Cook) and musical conductor (Herbert Greene).



Sy Friedman

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his own observation that "any man who becomes a producer is a damned fool." Two Bloomgarden hits of 1955 and 1956, *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *The Most Happy Fella*—also Critics Circle award winners—still have road companies going strong. "Together, the four shows net over \$40,000 a week," grins Bloomgarden, "but, of course, I don't get it all."

How much Bloomgarden pockets each week is his secret. But it is no secret that he did a hard sell to get co-backers for both current hits. With *Angel*, he had so much trouble that he finally had to give co-producer billing to a syndicate of 200 individual investors who put up \$46,425 of the \$125,000 cost. CBS, which put up the \$400,000 for *My Fair Lady*, brushed off a \$300,000 chance to finance *The Music Man*, missed a deal for 40% of the profits. Collecting modest sums from many angels, Bloomgarden got *Music Man* to Broadway on his own.

A practicing C.P.A. until 1933, Producer Bloomgarden has a good record for picking hits (*The Lark*, *Death of a Sales-*

man, *Command Decision*), but he has had his flops too. His basic criterion for picking: "I have to like it. It's a terrible thing to do a show just because you think it's going to make a million bucks."

Bloomgarden sometimes snaps up a show the first time he hears it. "When Meredith Willson telephoned and asked me to produce *The Music Man*," he recalls, "I said to myself, 'Who the hell is Willson?' It had been so long since I'd heard him on the radio I'd forgotten about him. He played the show through for me the next day, and we signed a contract that night."

Bloomgarden's knack of spotting a good property has built up a roster of backers who will put up cash for anything he picks. Should an investor have more confidence in a producer than in a director or actor? "Definitely," says Bloomgarden. "A director looks at a script and says, 'Boy, what I can do with this!' An actor says, 'How good I'll be in this part.' A producer has more integrity. He has to—he has more people to worry about."

MILESTONES

Married. Robert Motherwell, 43, and Helen Frankenthaler, 29, both abstract expressionist painters; for the third time, she for the first; in Manhattan. The phrase *Je t'aime* was featured in the titles of several of the groom's most recently exhibited canvases; e.g., in last year's Whitney annual his entry was called (in translation): *I Love You, No. II-A*.

Divorced. By Esther Williams, 35, cinemerman; Ben Gage, 42, manufacturer, onetime radio actor-announcer; after twelve years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Alimony awarded to Esther: \$12 a year.

Died. Major James H. Doolittle Jr., U.S.A.F., 38, World War II air combat veteran (50 missions), son of Lieut. General Jimmy Doolittle; by gunshot wound, in his office, where a pistol was found on the floor near by; in Austin, Texas.

Died. Mark M. Mills, 40, jet-propulsion expert, designer and developer of atomic and hydrogen weapons, deputy director of the University of California Radiation Laboratory (Livermore Branch); of drowning in a helicopter crash; at Eniwetok, where nuclear-weapons tests are scheduled to begin this week.

Died. Paul Andrew Dever, 55, two-term Governor of Massachusetts (1949-53), who keynote the 1952 Democratic convention, orated on and on against Republican "dinosaurs of political thought" while his suit became swampy with perspiration and his voice faded away to sandpaper hoarseness; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, Mass. Sometimes known as the man of "girth and grins," the roly-poly politician was one of the canniest who ever sat on Beacon Hill, built up a formi-

dable personal machine that almost withstood the Eisenhower landslide of 1952, when Republican Christian Herter won the Massachusetts governorship.

Died. Elliot Harold Paul, 67, author (*The Last Time I Saw Paris*, *Life and Death of a Spanish Town*), writer of sometimes tongue-in-cheek whodunits (*Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre*, *The Mysterious Mickey Finn*), screen playwright (*Rhapsody in Blue*), expatriate journalist, gourmet, jazz pianist; after long illness; in Providence. Among the writers who found themselves by getting lost in post-World War I Paris, few achieved more publication than Elliot Paul. A bearded, balding man with the look of a Tatar khan, he was a familiar figure on the Left Bank for nearly two decades, co-edited the monthly literary magazine *transition*, which published and encouraged experimental writing by such Montmartreans as James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein.

Died. Marcel Pilet-Golaz, 68, twice (1934, 1940) President of Switzerland, dapper "Anthony Eden of Swiss politics," who resigned as Foreign Minister in 1944 because of criticism for his handling of Soviet relations; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Ernest G. Chauvet, 69, Haitian delegate to the U.N., owner of Haiti's oldest newspaper, *Le Nouvelliste*; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan.

Died. Alcibiades Arosemena, 73, career dairy farmer who became President of Panama (1951-52), later Ambassador to France; of a heart attack; in Panama.

Died. George Jean Nathan, 76, drama critic; in Manhattan (see PRESS).



This successful realtor made so many sales with one Cessna 172, he bought his salesmen three more! He's Clifford Anderson, acreage realtor in Naples, Florida. Says Mr. Anderson: "We can sell five pieces of property by airplane in the time it takes to sell one by car. We chose the Cessna 172 for its speed, visibility, luxurious appointments and high safety factor. Its price is reasonable, too."

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

End in View?

Since almost everyone seems to have decided that the recession will not get any worse, the main topic of business conversation last week centered around when the recession would end. The answer depended somewhat on who was talking. New York's Guaranty Trust Co. took a banker's grey view: "Prospects for a definite end . . . remain highly uncertain, despite . . . comment that the bottom may be close at hand." Said the equally august Chase Manhattan Bank: "It is possible that we may see an end before long."

Those who kept their eyes on heavy durable goods, especially steel and autos, found the picture still depressing. Operating at only 45.2% of capacity, steelmen revised their production figures for the year, now think 85 million tons, off 30 million tons, will be about the size of it for 1958, though they expect the worst to be over by Labor Day. Auto production last week was 33.1% less than last year, and General Motors announced wholesale shutdowns of its Fisher-body and Chevrolet assembly plants to help dealers trim their unsold stocks.

But with FHA loan requests up to 75,000 last month—the highest level since May 1950—few builders were crying the blues. Neither were food stores, drug and cigarette makers, many of whom reported record first-quarter profits (see Earnings). The U.S. consumer's personal income had dropped hardly at all. The annual rate of \$341.4 billion in March was

down only \$300 million from February and was \$1.2 billion higher than last year. But consumers were cautious. Retail sales of \$15.4 billion for the month of March were down, though only 1% v. a 4% drop the month before.

While few businessmen were willing to pinpoint the day on which the economy would come out of its slump, the Guaranty Trust knew what could delay the recovery. Said the bank: "The longer management clings to old methods, old products and old pricing policies, the longer it will take to recover lost markets. The more tenaciously labor insists upon maintaining, or raising, the cost of employment, the less employment there will be."

EARNINGS

Down, but . . .

As the first-quarter earnings began to pour out last week, the trend was down, as expected by businessmen. But what was not expected was the surprising fact that in some industries, profits were actually climbing, some to new records. Hard hit were the durable-goods industries, railroads and raw materials, while many of the consumer-goods makers hummed along scarcely bothered by the recession.

Pittsburgh Steel operated at a loss in the first quarter and expects a glum second quarter, even though "we have several indications that the bottom in demand was passed some time ago." Lukens Steel, hit by the slowdown in shipbuilding and heavy construction, said that first-quarter

earnings will show a sharp dip from last year, when it was the industry's brightest star. But Lukens expects that 1958 as a whole will prove "a strong year."

As Eastern railroads skidded (TIME, April 14), the Erie wheezed in with a quarterly deficit of \$2,800,000, pared executives' salaries by 10%. Chemicals and paper companies continued to feel the pinch. For Union Carbide, second biggest U.S. chemical maker (first: Du Pont), the first-quarter net tumbled to 70¢ a share v. \$1.18 a year ago. International Paper Co. sales slipped 10% for the quarter, and earnings will show a sharper drop. In appliances, Whirlpool's per-share earnings were almost halved to 25¢ a share. Admiral Corp.'s earnings also dipped, and Philco "will undoubtedly show a loss" for the first quarter.

On the brighter side, most consumer and service industries were booming. The world's biggest money earner, American Telephone & Telegraph, which installed 450,000 new phones in the quarter (down from 775,000 a year ago), reported profits of \$2.76 a share (up from \$2.63 a year ago). International Business Machines rang up record sales, and its quarterly profits soared to \$1.98 a share from \$1.78 for 1957's first quarter, when there were fewer shares outstanding. Revlon's earnings edged up slightly to a new record. Fast-moving Polaroid's net jumped to 31¢, up from 22¢. In tobaccos, R. J. Reynolds (Camel, Winston, Salem) said profits were above the \$1.25 a share of a year ago. P. Lorillard President Lewis Gruber, riding the phenomenal rise of

TIME CLOCK

STEEL PRICE RISE, widely expected by users when steel wages go up automatically July 1, may be delayed. Pace-setting U.S. Steel reportedly has put off a decision on prices for at least another month. Steelmen are under pressure to hold line because aluminum-makers cut prices despite scheduled wage increases.

1959 CHEVIES may have nylon tires as standard equipment. In secret test, G.M. has put nylon tires on 40,000 new Chevies this year; later will check owners to see how they perform. If they outwear the present rayon tires, Chevy plans switch to nylon, which would be heavy blow to rayon makers, who sell 36% of total output to tire industry.

RUSSIA'S AEROFLOT airline outbargained little Denmark, won rights to fly over Denmark and on to West, which Russia needs before it can open service to Britain and, eventually, to the U.S. But U.S.S.R. turned down Denmark's bid for on-beyond rights from Moscow to Tokyo.

SUPER TRAVEL AGENCY combining regulatory powers of CAB, CAA, ICC, Maritime Board and Maritime

Administration is being seriously considered by the Eisenhower Administration. Reason: existing agencies are bogged down in red tape, often cannot cope with modern transportation needs.

FAST-SELLING RAMBLER, which sped from twelfth to seventh place in car production during first quarter, will boost output 10% to 660 cars a day.

WHEAT SURPLUS will grow by about 200 million bu. this year because of huge crops that may wipe out all cuts made by soil bank since 1956. Output is expected to rise 25% over last year, hit 1.19 billion bu. Productivity of winter wheat lands will reach 21.9 bu. per acre, v. 15.9 bu. average over past decade.

FORD'S TOP BRASS will join with Wall Street's Lehman Bros. to form new open-end, i.e., unlimited shares, mutual fund. Lehman will underwrite and manage fund, will have it buy out Aurora Corp. (assets: \$36 million), an investment firm owned largely by Ford executives. New fund, called One William Street Fund, will have Ford Chairman Breech and four other Ford veterans on 13-man board.

OIL EXPANSION by Socony Mobil will pump all-time-high \$435 million into new equipment and exploration this year, up \$14 million from 1957. About 65% will be spent at home, though Socony gets only 40% of its earnings in U.S. Company expects free-world consumption of oil to increase by at least 50% within decade and industry will have to invest \$115 billion to meet it.

FIRST SUPERSONIC JETS for Japan will come from Grumman, whose Navy planes did the most to defeat Japanese airpower in the Pacific in World War II. For about \$300 million, Japanese defense force will get 300 Grumman Super Tigre fighter-bombers, which broke records for speed (1,220 m.p.h. in level flight) and altitude (72,000 ft.). Most of planes will be made in Japan.

HELP FOR RAILS is expected from higher mail rates. Eastern lines demand 70% boost which would stoke up revenues by \$82 million a year, plus retroactive payments of \$145 million. Post office has offered 15% raise that would bring rails about \$17.5 million yearly. ICC will hand down decision this summer.

filter Kents, reported that January-February earnings soared by 400% over 1957's first quarter.

Americans were buying more food than ever. Kroger Co. earnings hit a record \$1.27, up from \$1.14 on fewer shares a year ago. National Biscuit Co. expected slightly better earnings than last year, as did General Baking Co. Grand Union increased its dividend from 18¢ to 20¢ a quarter on the basis of record sales. And General Foods, buoyed up by the best first quarter in its history, broke into the elite \$1 billion sales club for the first time in the fiscal year ending March 31.

CORPORATIONS

Flight of the Friendship

With a whine of turboprop engines, a fat new airliner quickly gathered speed at Hagerstown, Md. one day last week and took off on its maiden flight. The plane was Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp.'s F-27 Friendship, the company's jet-age answer to the problem of replacing the hundreds of aging DC-3s still hauling passengers and cargo on U.S. airways. At \$590,000, Fairchild's new aircraft will carry almost twice the load (40 passengers) at half again the speed (more than 280 m.p.h.) twice the distance (1,700 miles), and accomplish the task in pressurized, air-conditioned comfort. Says Fairchild President Richard S. Bottelle: "Every DC-3 in the air is fair game for us, and we want to replace them all."

The \$25 Million Gamble. Fairchild risked \$25 million to develop the plane, needs 200 orders to break even on its rising costs. Last week President Bottelle was almost halfway home, with 95 orders from 14 small feeder lines. The first production model is scheduled to be delivered to West Coast Airlines (which has ordered six) in June, to be hauling passengers by early September, thus beating Lockheed's bigger Electra as the first U.S.-built turboprop in scheduled operation. By year's end Fairchild hopes to have at least 40 planes, built under license from The Netherlands' Fokker, in the air.

For the armed forces, Fairchild has an even hotter project, a new missile so secret that "birdwatchers" at Florida's Cape Canaveral know it largely by rumor. Called the Bull Goose, Fairchild's missile is a speedy, jet-engined vehicle with 5,000-mile range and a mission as unique as its name. Made of fiber glass, the Goose can be fitted with radar reflectors to make it resemble almost any craft including a B-52 Stratofortress or a B-58 Hustler, thus decoy enemy defense away from the real bombers. The Goose will have a lightweight, 2,000-lb.-thrust J-83 engine, also a Fairchild development. Fortnight ago the J-83 passed its Air Force qualification test, and now the Goose is ready for a production contract that the Air Force will only say will amount to "many millions." Nor is the Goose the only fowl in Fairchild's nest.

Fairchild is developing two other fiber-glass missiles, the Gander, designed to carry a nuclear warhead, and the Osprey,

UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES

They Are Open to Wide Misinterpretation

AS the March unemployment figures came out last week (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), the big question was whether they had improved enough to show a leveling off in the recession. To some economists, both amateur and professional, they had not. The normal seasonal increase in employment between February and March is 500,000 and the normal decline in unemployment about 200,000. By contrast, the March figures showed only a 323,000 increase in employment while unemployment actually edged up another 25,000. To some thoughtful experts, an equally important question is: Should the employment figures be used for hairline appraisals of the U.S. economy? The answer is no. Employment statistics are not intended for such fine measurements.

Chief value of the statistics is to show trends and changes in the U.S. labor force. Of the overall 2,316,000 jump in unemployment to 5,108,000 since March 1957, more than 1,000,000 came in such big durable-goods producers as autos, aircraft, heavy machinery and steel. The curious fact—and the paradox of the recession—is that other industries, such as wholesale and retail, banks, services (up more than 100,000), real estate and insurance firms, are still booming ahead. In March, employment rose by 323,000 over February, bringing total employment to 62.3 million, the third highest March in history—all while unemployment also showed a 25,000 increase.

How do the statisticians account for the discrepancy? The major cause is a 778,000 increase in the total labor force over the last two months, which many people overlook in analyzing the figures. The one-month increase last February of 428,000 was abnormal for that time of year, and occurs only during recession periods; the winters of 1949 and 1954 both brought similar jumps. The reason was that most of the new "laborers" were not normally members of the labor force; they were the wives and teen-age sons and daughters of the laid-off family breadwinners, out looking for jobs to help tide the family over.

In its jobless checkup, the Census Bureau does not try to find out how many of the jobless are such new workers, how many actually lost their jobs. The census takers only ask: "Are you looking for work?" And everyone who is "looking for work," no matter how lackadaisically, is counted as a member of the labor force. Thus, as the size of the labor force increases,

the number of jobless can also increase, as happened last month, even when the number of employed takes a big jump. Economists would like the Census Bureau to add more questions to separate the laid-off worker from the new job seeker. But so far the Census Bureau has said no; it fears any change will destroy the month-by-month continuity of its figures.

Nevertheless, the Census Bureau has already made changes that raise a doubt about this continuity. Many an economist has estimated that the current recession is worse than 1949-50 or 1953-54 because the unemployed percentages appear bigger. But the figures are not completely comparable, because both the definition and the sample have changed. Until last year, the census takers counted all workers laid off for 30 days or less as employed. Last year the rules were changed to count such workers as unemployed. In this fashion, the statisticians arbitrarily added another 250,000 to the unemployment totals. While the census takers have tried to adjust past figures to take into account the new rules, no one knows how accurate the adjustments are.

More important, in trying to improve the accuracy of the sampling, the Census Bureau in the past 15 years has increased the number of families interviewed from 25,000 to 35,000 and the number of areas surveyed from 68 to 330. When it expanded from 68 to 230 areas in 1954, the bureau ran two surveys, one in the smaller number of areas and one in the bigger. To its surprise, it found a huge increase of 700,000 in the computations of jobless totals for the U.S. based on the larger survey. Since then, the number of areas has been increased to 330 in the interests of greater accuracy. But on the basis of the discrepancy discovered in 1954, there is reason to suppose that the jobless totals in 1954 and 1950 were larger than officially stated—and actually larger percentagewise in the case of the 1950 recession than in the current recession.

Despite all improvements, even today's sampling methods are far from 100% accurate. The Census Bureau itself admits that the figures contain a standard error of plus or minus 120,000 at the current level. Thus no one knows within six figures precisely what the total number of unemployed workers in the U.S. really is. Therefore, such figures as a 25,000 increase or decrease in unemployment are meaningless. And so are the tortured, hairline analyses made from them.



FAIRCHILD'S NEW F-27 TURBOPROP
Instead of a turkey call, a Bull Goose.

which acts as a tactical reconnaissance missile and could be fitted with TV or infra-red cameras. Fairchild is also developing a new steel, aluminum and foam-plastic Armalite rifle that weighs only 6.85 lbs. (v. 9.5 lbs. for the old Garand) and serves as everything from a long-distance sniper rifle to a triple-mounted machine gun. The Air Force has designated a version of the rifle as its survival weapon, and it is being tested as a possible NATO weapon.

Trains & Trainers. The Fairchild parent company was known through the 1920s and 1930s as a camera-and-plane maker. Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp. split off from the parent in 1936, started to diversify soon after World War II, when Dick Boutelle took over the presidency. A one-time Army Air Corps major who went to Fairchild in 1941, Boutelle decided that plane contracts alone were not enough to see the company through the postwar readjustments. Operating out of a trophy-filled office resembling the living room of a big-game hunter, which he is, Dick Boutelle's first move was to stalk any idea that promised a profit. He toyed with a lightweight train, a gasoline-filled glider as an aerial tanker, even a mechanically operated wild-turkey caller. "We'd even make corsets if we saw a profit," said Boutelle.

As it turned out, Fairchild made no turkey callers—or corsets. Hopping into missiles, Fairchild soon found itself expanding its engine as well as its airframe business. The J-83 engine soon proved so promising for light jet aircraft that General Dynamics' Canadian subsidiary, Canadair Ltd., chose it as the power plant for the prototype of its new CL-41 trainer, and Lockheed will also use it for its Jet-Star executive transport. Fairchild added half a dozen other lines, from electronic guidance systems for missiles to an aluminum bridge much like a plane wing, in hopes of winning a slice of the highway-building program. While the Government puts up most of the money to build a new bridge, the trouble is that the states are

responsible for bearing the cost of all maintenance. Aluminum does not need painting or scraping, so it answers much of the cost problem.

By hitting on the right answers often enough, Boutelle boosted sales from \$30.5 million in 1948 to \$158.6 million last year, now has a \$170 million backlog. Profits jumped from \$1,211,563 in 1948 to \$4,270,650 in 1955, then slipped to \$1,951,484 in 1956, \$503,331 last year because of a heavy write-off on the F-27. Going into 1958, Fairchild is still writing off on the F-27, and will probably show a net loss for the first six months. But the company expects military and civilian orders to increase so fast during the latter half of the year that it will be able to show a new profit for 1958 as a whole. Once the writeoffs are finished, Fairchild hopes to race ahead rapidly in the profit column.



Walter Bennett
PRESIDENT BOUTELLE
Instead of a corset, a Gander.

FOREIGN TRADE

Are Imports Dangerous?

From 1952 to 1957, the U.S. imported only \$61 million worth of heavy electric-power equipment, while exports of the same equipment totalled nearly \$840 million worth. But General Electric Co. contends that even these small imports "threaten to impair the national security," wants a Government limit on imports. G.E. argues that U.S. power equipment has "greater proven reliability," that foreign producers maintain insufficient repair facilities in the U.S., and wars or political upheavals "may interfere with delivery" of foreign equipment.

British electrical manufacturers, who are the largest European exporters to the U.S., fired off an angry rebuttal. They said that equipment of inferior quality, either foreign or domestic, cannot slip by rigid U.S. testing standards for federal power projects. As for repairs, British manufacturers have major plants in nearby Canada.

Last week the Office of Defense Mobilization started an investigation to determine whether the imports are really a danger. G.E. was doubly pleased. Just after ODM acted, G.E. was listed as the apparent low bidder for seven big electric generators at the Oahe Dam on the Missouri River near Pierre, S. Dak. When bidders were first opened three months ago, Switzerland's Brown, Boveri was the low bidder at \$9,502,895. But the Government threw out all the bids because they did not fit specifications and called for new ones. On these, G.E. was low bidder at \$8,896,305.

Copper Curtain

To help hard-pressed U.S. copper producers, suffering from a copper glut that has depressed prices to 25¢ per lb., the Government last week threw its weight behind a Senate bill that would restore copper import taxes which have been suspended (for all but nine months) since 1947. The Government's endorsement, made by Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton, was a victory for Western miners and protectionists, who have stepped up attacks on the suspension since copper began to slide badly last year. If the bill goes through—and Administration endorsement makes it almost a certainty—all copper imports will be taxed at least 1.8¢ per lb., and 2¢ when the domestic price falls below 24¢.

The Case for Freedom

A few weeks ago, Washington dopesters figured that President Eisenhower had almost no chance to push through a lengthy extension of the tariff-easing Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. But last week the odds were swinging in favor of a three-year extension, without crippling amendments. Congressmen who checked with the folks at home found public sentiment mounting for a lengthy extension. Two U.S. Congressmen and a Senator who took polls of their home districts—Pittsburgh, Omaha and the State of Iowa—



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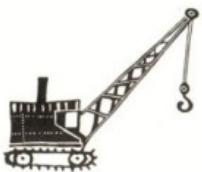
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NEW HOTEL AT NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
Like a boomerang on stilts.

found that their constituents favor a five-year extension of reciprocal trade by majorities of 52% to 72%. At the same time, one of the strongest statements in favor of extending reciprocal trade came from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Noting that 4,500,000 U.S. workers depend on foreign trade for their jobs, the union's monthly *Economic Review* said:

"America is at a crossroads in its tariff and trade policy. The choice is clear. If we drastically reduce our imports, inevitably our export markets will wither away. Millions of workers whose jobs depend on foreign trade will face unemployment. If we pursue a restrictionist policy, our trading partners may well be faced with the unhappy compulsion of stepping up trade with the Soviet Union and its satellites. Thus, by restricting trade, we might not only stifle our own economy and the economies of our Free World allies, but we would also strengthen the economic and political power of our Soviet foes."

"The other alternative is for the U.S. to maintain its leadership in the continuing effort to reduce the barriers to trade among the nations of the Free World. Those benefits are real, and they are important. They are more than the foreign products we need and want for our comfort and economic welfare. They are more than markets abroad for the products of our factories and farms. Expanding international trade promotes the best interest of our own country and advances the welfare and security of the free nations of the world. This is the most important benefit of international trade, a benefit in which all free peoples can share."

HOTELS

For the Air Age

The nation's newest airport hotel, a six-story, 320-room building that looks like a boomerang on stilts, will open May 8 at New York International (Idlewild) Airport, gateway for U.S. overseas air traffic. Designed by William B. Tabler in blue

and white glazed brick, the hotel was built by the New York Port Authority, will be operated by Knott Hotel Corp. It will include a main dining room able to seat 160 people, a coffee shop with seats for 100, a cocktail lounge, and telephone booths with comfortable upholstered chairs instead of the standard hard, wooden seats.

AVIATION Not by Bread Alone

When is a sandwich not a sandwich? Answer: when it consists of roasted breast of chicken, green salad, tomato, lettuce, a carrot slice and fried parsley—all on a piece of bread. At least that is the view of Pan American World Airways, which last week was embroiled in a heated metaphysical battle with its European competitors over the nature of Lord Montagu's invention. The International Air Transport Association has agreed that airlines may serve only sandwiches on their new cut-rate transatlantic flights v. free full meals on regular flights. Pan American, which still considers the sandwich a thin layer of filling between two slices of bread, charges that European airlines are evading



SAS SANDWICHES
Like dinner at home.

the rule against free meals by serving sandwiches that are actually sumptuous repasts.

Pan Am singled out Scandinavian Airlines, Swissair, Air France and KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, which have been trying for years to outdo each other with fancy extras that sell more tickets, as chief purveyors of smorgasbord-type sandwiches on their flights. Samples (from the SAS menu): five slices of ox tongue, a lettuce heart, asparagus and sliced carrots—on a slice of bread; five slices of liver *pâté*, fried crisp bacon, mushrooms and sliced tomato—on a slice of bread. Seconds are available for the asking, and SAS, for one, passes around a tray from which a passenger may take as much as he wants. But European airlines insist that they are perfectly within their rights just so long as a slice of bread is the underpinning for their repasts. Though they appreciate the free publicity provided by Pan Am's sandwich crusade, they intend to fight any move to make sandwiches more Spartan. Said a Swissair spokesman: "Every man is entitled to his concept of a sandwich."

AUTOS

Keep It Simple

The U.S. consumer has done a complete and almost unnoticed turnaround in taste recently. So Researcher Louis Cheskin, director of Chicago's Color Research Institute, this week told the Advertising Federation of America. Said Cheskin: The entire attitude of the American people towards "ostentatious ornamentation" has changed drastically in the last few months, especially in cars. "As recently as last year, our tests showed that people reacted favorably to elaborate ornamentation, gaudy color combinations and chrome trim on cars and other steel products. The recent studies show that people are reacting unfavorably to such functionless frills."

What will sell cars in the future? Says Researcher Cheskin: "The sober look, the dignified form, the basically functional gadget, the single color or truly two-tone color. Useless gadgets do not appeal to the 1958 shoppers and will appeal to the 1959 and 1960 shoppers even less. The jukebox effect will disappear. Elaborate ornamentation of chrome and multiple colors will be discarded. Finally, consumers are also beginning to resent forced obsolescence. When yearly fashions were limited to women's apparel, there was almost universal acceptance. The public did not resist the yearly car design changes. Then other hard-goods makers began planned obsolescence. Perhaps this has broken the camel's back. Now the consumer is in revolt."

Rush to Buy

Whatever ails U.S. auto sales is apparently not contagious. When the nine-day International Auto Show in Manhattan's Coliseum closed its doors this week, exhibitors totted up more than \$25 million in sales, were so enthusiastic that some

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April 11, 1958

\$125,000,000

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DEAN WITTER & CO.

April 9, 1958.

were raising their U.S. sales goals. From the very first sale only ten minutes after the show was first opened (a \$24,985 Rolls-Royce), more than 200,000 visitors kept salesmen busy writing orders for the 60 cars of all sizes and shapes on exhibition from seven countries (U.S., Great Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, Sweden and Czechoslovakia).

Many of the cars were scooped up by dealers anxious to cash in on the sudden rise in the popularity of small foreign cars, whose chrome-lined lines are a far cry from Detroit's behemoths. But retail sales also zipped along at supermarket speed. Jaguar sold its entire yearly production of 2,100 of its new XK 150 (\$5,000) and the six-month production of its Mark VIII sedan, decided on the spot that it will be able to sell 12,000 cars in the U.S. next year instead of the projected 7,500. West Germany's Autounion sold 762 cars, and France's Simca took orders for 26 cars in the over-\$3,000 range. The smallest full car in the show, West Germany's buglike Goggomobil (starting at \$1,000), sold 10,000 models at both wholesale and retail.

ADVERTISING Psychological Warfare

"To underscore the soundness of the country's economy," the Advertising Council, a nonprofit organization, last week announced a four-month anti-recession campaign. Corporations and business organizations will sponsor \$15 million worth of ads in magazines, newspapers, on radio and TV, stressing the theme "Your Future Is Great in a Growing America."

The campaign to make worried consumers spend more will be prepared by Manhattan's McCann-Erickson Inc., which also conducted the 1954 Advertising Council campaign to bolster national confidence. It will emphasize that 1) the U.S. population is growing by 4,000,000 people each year, and the prosperity curve follows right alongside the population curve; 2) family income, even after taxes, is at an alltime high of \$5,300, is expected to pass \$7,000 by 1975, and individual savings are at a record level of \$340 billion. Among the ads: the picture of a stork perched on its nest to illustrate population growth ("This Bird Means Business"); a shot of a homeowner on the site of his new house ("There's a New Wave of Opportunity Coming").

BUSINESS ABROAD The Silk King

The best-known American in the picturesquely kingdom of Thailand is a graying, well-tanned onetime architect named James H. W. Thompson, 52, who has almost singlehandedly saved Thailand's vital silk industry from extinction. When Jim Thompson arrived in Thailand in 1945 as an OSS officer (and stayed on as political adviser to the American minister), silk weaving as a local industry had almost died under the onslaught of cheaper and more durable machine-made silk. Today,

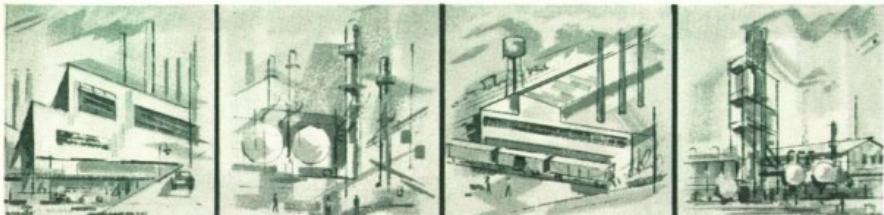
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BRANDY



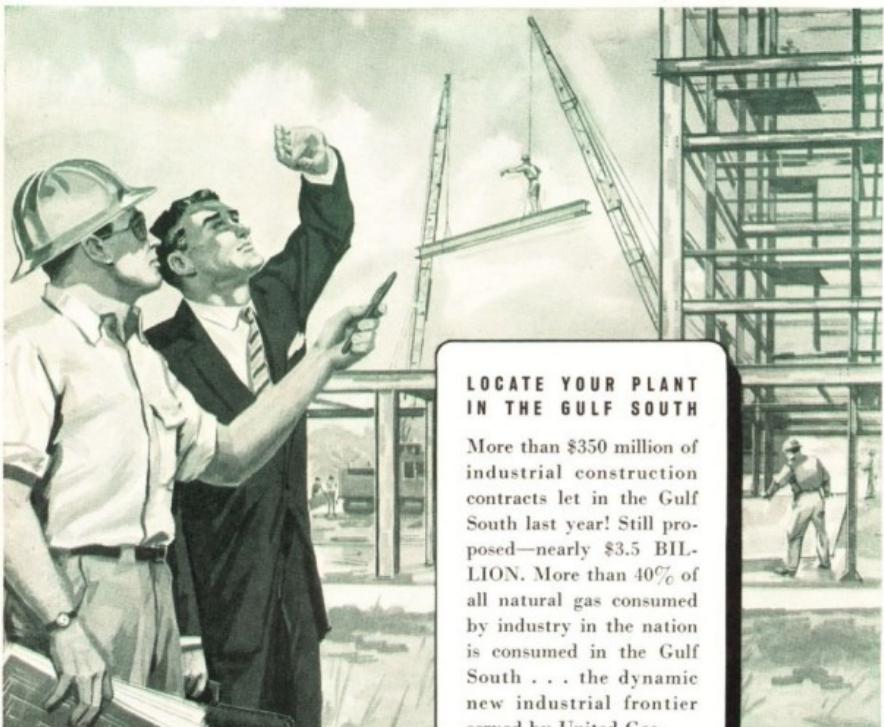
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LOCATE YOUR PLANT IN THE GULF SOUTH

More than \$350 million of industrial construction contracts let in the Gulf South last year! Still proposed—nearly \$3.5 BILLION. More than 40% of all natural gas consumed by industry in the nation is consumed in the Gulf South . . . the dynamic new industrial frontier served by United Gas.

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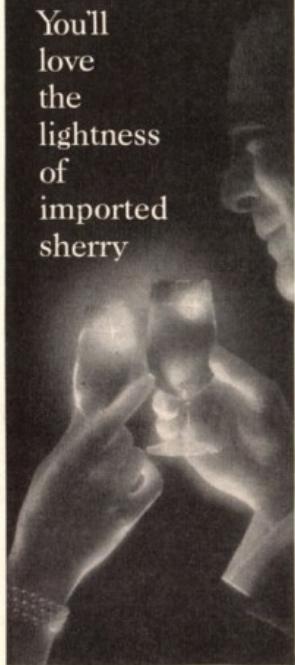
If fuel is a factor in your operations, write United Gas, P. O. Box 1407, Shreveport, La.

Engineering construction statistics compiled by Construction Daily & Engineering News-Record.

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TIME, APRIL 21, 1958

You'll
love
the
lightness
of
imported
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...when it's Duff Gordon.

Lighter than a cocktail,
it's refreshingly different.

Duff Gordon Cream, luxuriously sweet
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America's
best
selling
imported
sherry

DUFF GORDON



almost every ship or plane that leaves Thailand carries Thai silk to some 17 countries, and Thompson's Thai Silk Co. alone employs more than 2,000 Thais in the business of silk growing, dyeing, spinning and weaving. From sales of \$36,000 in 1948, Thompson boosted his company to \$650,000 in sales last year, hopes to do even better this year.

Jim Thompson got into the silk business because he had an esthetic eye for the glowing colors and uneven texture of the Thai silks. Says he: "It disturbed me that production of this wonderful material had stopped." He left the Army and diplomatic service, took 500 samples to New York, where the silks drew raves from designers, decorators and fashion editors. Thompson lined up an importing firm to



UDOM YENRUDI
THAILAND'S JIM THOMPSON
In an esthetic eye, a \$650,000 look.

handle the silk in the U.S., went back to Thailand and began operating with \$700.

He rounded up some 200 silk weavers, most of whom had taken up other trades, supplied them with the raw silk and dyes to turn out finished products on their crude home looms. The silks became so popular with the diplomatic colony and tourists (many of whom ask for "Jim Thompson's place" as soon as they arrive in Bangkok) that Thompson quickly expanded, in 1950 formed his own company with \$12,000 capital. Though he is its biggest stockholder, he took pains to make the company a Thai enterprise, accepted only four Americans among his 36 stockholders. His company was soon paying healthy dividends, and Thompson bought two mulberry plantations in northeast Thailand to provide his silk.

So good a job has Jim Thompson done for the Thailand silk industry that he has lured in many Thais. More silk shops have been opened in Bangkok recently than any other business, including one reported to be backed by the wife of Thailand's strongman, Marshal Sarit Thanarat.

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WHEN IN NEW YORK SEE
PETER USTINOV In The Hilarious Comedy Hit
ROMANOFF AND JULIET
Plymouth Theatre, 256 W. 45 St., N.Y.C.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting
aid in preventing
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Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children





The Bendix Automatic Pilot is the "extra hand" which steers this boat automatically.

SAFETY IS SOMETHING YOU CAN INSTALL IN A BOAT!

You buy a pleasure boat for pleasure but the amount of pleasure you realize from your investment is in direct proportion to how safe you make your boat.

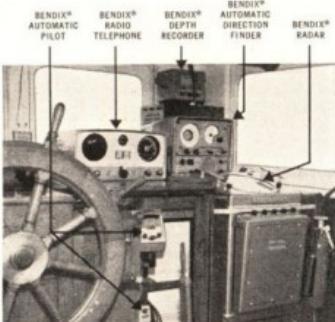
Today there are all kinds of Bendix devices available to make boating safer and thus more fun.

There's an Automatic Pilot that steers more accurately than you can in any weather; an Automatic Direction Finder that shows you your bearing on a picture tube; Radar to point out what's ahead in fog or at night; a Depth Recorder to keep you off shoals and which also spots fish for you; ship-to-shore Radio Telephones; Direction Finders and Transistor Power Inverters.

For details about this equipment write direct to the Marine Department at Bendix Pacific Division, North Hollywood, California.

In the outboard field the ingenious Bendix* Starter Drive has helped eliminate the old rope-starting method. And our new magnetogenerator improves ignition and keeps your batteries charged so you can use electric starting, lights, horns, bilge pumps, etc. This equipment is factory-installed.

This summer make *your* boat safer and have more fun. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



A thousand products



a million ideas

BOOKS

No. 1 Travel Guide

"If the Russian bear and the Wall Street bear behave, and if Abdullah Doe in the Middle East can keep his fez on, 1958 will be the dizziest, busiest merry-go-round in European travel history." Nearly 700,000 voyaging Americans are about to make this breezy prophecy come true. An impressive number of these U.S. tourists will carry a stowaway—Temple Hornaday Fielding. He comes handily packaged in a fact- and opinion-crammed, hard-cover container called *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe, 1958-59* (\$9.5

of gonorrhea so hardy that it eats sulfa and penicillin for breakfast."

Morality Play. Not that Fielding is a prude: "For the most rugged, down-to-bare-facts night life on the continent of Europe—at decent prices and under non-clip conditions, too—Hamburg wins the diamond-studded G-string by 6 bumps and 24 grinds." It is not raw flesh but raw deals that make Fielding's blood boil: "Of all the groups of surly, devious, tip-hungry ruffians we've met in our travels, the Venetian gondoliers take our personal booby prize." Fielding's *Guide* is fun because he writes a kind of frivolous

because previous travel writers found them unmentionable. What-to-pack sample: "One roll of good toilet paper, squashed flat. Most foreign paper is unlike anything you've ever seen before—or care to again." One *Guide* item that could stand unstreamlining is the hieroglyphically abbreviated "Tips on Highspots" chart. Sample: "Venice, *3\$CLX." After bobbing back and forth to the footnotes, the reader finds the symbols to mean: especially recommended, costs comparatively high, stay at least three days, outstanding cultural interest, local color, Americans swarm in season.

How does the *Guide* itself rate? It might be put this way: *fcRDHJ. Translation: especially recommended, costs comparatively low for value received, cultural interests incidental or just plain nil, routine on places of the beaten tourist track but remarkably dependable, on top-flight hotels and restaurants, especially hospitable to Americans, outstanding *joie de vivre*.

* * *

Only *joie de vivre*—plus a slightly patronizing conception of himself as a one-man rackets squad protecting the gullible American tourist—could keep urbane, 44-year-old Temp Fielding on his plush but grueling self-appointed round. Says Fielding: "All I want is a decent shake for the good-natured, well-meaning American traveler." (The Fieldings' solicitude for the Joneses goes quite a way back, for Temp's remote ancestor was 18th century Novelist Henry Fielding, author of *Tom Jones*.)

Temp Fielding and his trim, Massachusetts-born wife Nancy do all of what she calls "the leg and tummy work." To update the *Guide* annually, Temp and Nancy prowl the face of Europe during six off-season months (October through March), visit or revisit some 300 hotels, 350 restaurants and 150 nightclubs. In line of duty, Fielding has acquired a bad liver, relies increasingly on his wife's palate in the gourmet department. Says she: "Temp buys me home when my zippers won't close."

Sensitive Eggs. At hotels Fielding's passport gives away his identity, but at restaurants, he often makes reservations in another name, samples the house specialty or eggs Benedict ("a sensitive indicator") and jots under-the-table notes. His imperious recommendations or condemnations make headwaiters quake. Last year's *Guide* restored Paris' famed Tour d'Argent restaurant to the recommended list after five years of demerits. Says Restaurateur Claude Terrail: "We didn't find any great increase in business, but we breathed a sigh of relief. This comes as somewhat of an Oscar."

The manager of Paris' George V Hotel, a longtime holder of Fielding's Mickey Finn award ("a poor value for the money"), calls Fielding "biased and pretentious," pooh-poohs the *Guide's* influence. But that is a minority view. Officials in Denmark once attributed 60% of its tourist trade to Fielding's rave notices.



THE TRAVELING FIELDINGS
For the Joneses, *fcRDHJ.

Joe Monroe

pp.; Sloane; \$4.95). Annually revised since its '48 debut, Fielding's *Guide* has racked up growing sales (the publishers guard actual sales figures like a guilty secret) and established its author as the U.S. tourist's No. 1 travel guide, a modern Baedeker whom more people swear by than at.

The difference between the grand old German guidebook and Fielding is the difference between the portemanteau and the lightweight aluminum suitcase, the wary Culture-Vulture and the fun-loving American Skimmer. Where Baedeker led the reader to every last statue, Fielding is apt to dismiss monuments ("The place is practically crawling with history!") in favor of menus. Where Baedeker might discreetly warn of dangers abroad (beware of bedbugs), Fielding's personal, pithy and frank approach would make old Herr Baedeker blush. Is the traveler enticed by a sexy blonde in a continental nightspot? Fielding's warnings: 1) chances are she can't leave the premises before closing time, and 2) even if she can, "she might leave you a souvenir. There's a new strain

morality play, pitting good hotels and restaurants against bad, good tourist buys against outrageous swindles, nice national characteristics against naughty ones.

A one-time psychology major at Princeton, Fielding cannot resist skim-deep analyses of national temperaments. The Spanish are sweet and mannerly but also stubborn and ornery. The Danes, far from being melancholy, are "the Bob Hopes of Europe." The French, they are a funny race, according to Fielding, with a schizophrenic "conflict between generosity and niggardliness, idealism and cynicism, fieriness and apathy, gaiety and shrewdness." Fielding can be rough on Americans, too. He lashes out at "good-mannered U.S. drugstore-cowboys," warns U.S. matrons with chassis by Hokinson: "Don't take slacks or shorts, unless you have a figure like Gypsy Rose Lee's. On fat or plump women, Europeans hate 'em!"

Americans in Season. The *Guide* is chockablock with practical pointers ranging from Tourist Tummy remedies to discreet advice on how to hornswoggle customs officials. Some items are invaluable

A Rome shop once dangled \$10,000 in bait for a recommendation. But everyone agrees that Temp Fielding is incorruptible. He has been slapped with some 21 libel suits, lost only one, for \$3,800 on a \$1,500,000 case (he had said a taxi company was constituted by "the biggest crooks and racketeers in Europe"). Temp insists that, unlike some free-loading travel writers, he picks up his own tabs. This is feasible partly because the *Guide* has spawned several lucrative offspring, e.g., *Fielding's Currency Guide*, *The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide*, a syndicated Sunday column (23 newspapers), and the recently launched Epicure Club, designed to get VIP treatment for card-carrying Fieldingites.

Home base for the Fieldings these days is a seaside villa in Majorca (2HJLX). There, "behind the palmetto curtain," Temp will soon retreat for his annual 100,000-word revision chores on next year's *Guide*, a year that may be even dizzier and busier on the European travel-go-round—if the Russian bear, the Wall Street bear and Abdullah Doe will only be guided by Temple Hornaday Fielding.

Blood, Peat & Tea

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY [344 pp.]—Arthur J. Roth—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.95).

It was a great day for the Irish (and for everyone else) when they decided to write as well as fight. Irish society—provincial yet picturesque, with its deep conflicts between Celtic and Anglo-Saxon ways, between priesthood and peasantry, its sense of tragedy and the merciless compulsion of its members to explain themselves literately at the top of their voices—is itself a book already half-written. These days there is nothing like the Troubles going on in Ireland, but there is still a spot of trouble—enough for a headline or two and many a novel. The latest, *A Terrible Beauty*, is a good new potato in the fertile patch.

An *Informer*, Too. Irish-American author Roth, a 33-year-old U.S. Air Force veteran who also served three years with the Irish army, writes with the kind of detachment that is unwelcome in partisan and partitioned Ireland. He puts his novel in one of Northern Ireland's "lost six counties" (Tyrone) where those of the Protestant majority have stubbornly held to their British loyalties, their Orange Lodges and their midget state in the face of the Catholic minority. Novelist Roth deals with the minority. His village stage is a stony place called Duncrana, and the leading man on that stage is both a teetotaler and an informer—terrible things to be. Unlike O'Flaherty's "Gypo," who betrays out of weakness, Roth's O'Neill acts from moral strength and does it on a tide of tea. (In fact, as Roth tells it, all Ireland is washed by a Gulf Stream of tannin. Births, deaths, love, wakes and warfare swim in the element.)

Dermot O'Neill is the younger son of a proud Duncrana family dedicated to farming and to the twin pieties of Cathol-



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icism and Irish history. When the pieties turn out not to be identical twins, Dermot is doomed. It is 1940, and in the farmhouse kitchen the O'Neills happily record Hitler's latest victory over the British. By tradition, England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, and the Irish Republican Army—after a long time in the doldrums—is "out" again. Its members have the illusion that Hitler's war aims include Irish "freedom." The young village buckoes give up their Gaelic football in favor of what the parish curate calls the national pastime—giving the British "a touch" or two. They spy on airfields, raid military barracks to loot arms, and in



NOVELIST ROTH
Brogans in the potato patch.

general try to behave like true descendants of "the Bold Fenian Men."

A *Good-Natured Devil*, Dermot has been a hero in the I.R.A. raids, and marked for promotion, but three things give him second thoughts. He is a "good-natured devil without hate or harm in him," and he has grievously wounded a man. Also he has discovered that his I.R.A. company commandant, the crippled village bicycle mechanic, is a malignant fanatic. Most important, Dermot is a pious lad, and the church has come down like thunder on the I.R.A.

Dermot's moral dilemma is sharpened by the fact that his commandant has ordered an attack on a police station which may well kill innocents. The writing is no great shakes, but there is nothing slipshod about the moral crux on which Novelist Roth has carpentered his O'Neill. *A Terrible Beauty* is a plain tale, honest as a pair of well-cobbled brogans. Unhappily, every now and then Roth remembers that writing about Ireland is supposed to be a bit on the poetic side, and sets up a keen about the scenery or the weather. The only terrible beauty in the book belongs to W. B. Yeats and the title, but there is a terrible logic about it.

Antic Antiques

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES (397 pp.)—
Aldous Huxley—Harper (\$5).

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH (411 pp.)—Edited by Charles J. Rolo—
Little, Brown (\$6).

Aldous Huxley, 63, is now so venerable a figure of modern letters that a middle-aged critic—the *Atlantic Monthly's* Charles J. Rolo—owns a poodle named Aldous. Evelyn Waugh, 54, never reached the same status of a chic literary household pet. But, unlike poodles, both writers—two of the century's most gifted entertainers—are no longer quite fashionable. Both have had the premature burial of collections in their lifetime. Huxley's latest prepared by an anonymous Harper editor, Waugh's by Rolo.

Huxley and Waugh share many things apart from talent and an interest in drugs and religion (in Huxley's case mescaline and Vedanta, in Waugh's wine and Roman Catholicism). Each has a deep artistic integrity and an interest in odd characters—almost, unlike modern young men, to the exclusion of his own. If the '20s and '30s are remembered as nothing more than a dismal tract of history leading to present discontents, it will be partly because two wondrously articulate Fools were wiser than the lugubrious Lear of the tottering old order, whose motley they wore. Each disdains modern life. Huxley presents one character who might well speak for both authors when he recalls "Oxford in the remote days towards the beginning of our monstrous century."

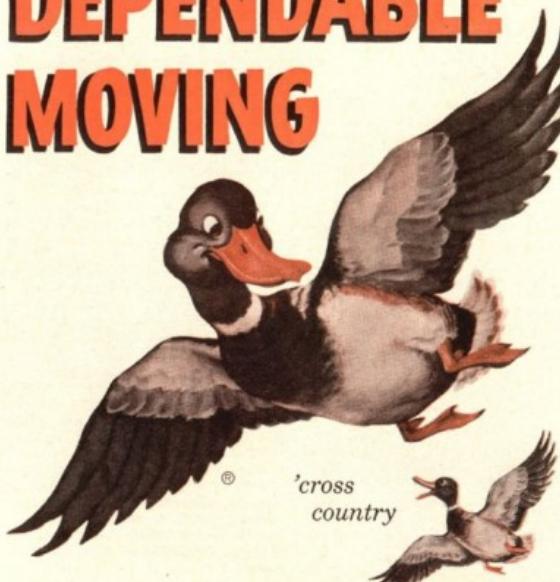
Huxley's Horrors. Each took his time and made a horror comic of it. The characters are British middle and upper class of the great inter-bellum years—but Huxley's are drawn with a Daumier-like fascination and disgust, Waugh's by the lunatic but precise line of a Ronald Searle.

The 21 Huxley stories in the collection bring out the spite with heat that is his peculiar intellectual climate. If there is one central virtue in his art it is that his creatures have the capacity to explain themselves: the central defect is that they have the compulsion to explain themselves away. Huxley rarely creates a character that he does not destroy.

¶ *The Gioconda Smile*, Huxley's most famous story, is the best. His hero, Mr. Hutton, is clever, covered in tweed and money troubles, able to explain everything about everything except his own sex life. Sex, typically, is represented by Doris, a lower-class ball of margarine-and-fun; also typically, the hero's wife is a virtuous bore with a distressing number of ailments. Huxley writes of women with the ruminative repulsion of a male spider half-digested in mid-honeymoon. When Mrs. Hutton is poisoned, it looks like Hutton's work. Actually another Huxley horror woman has done the deed. Hutton, the reader feels in the end, was unjustly but well and truly hanged.

¶ *The Monocle* shows Huxley using the old symbol of aristocracy to gouge the good eye out of his victim, a sensitive

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VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Creative Craftsman

Among the great contraditors of the light-suited, light-minded Mad-ad myth is thoughtful Earle Ludgin, board chairman of the Chicago agency bearing his name. Ludgin is an admitted one-drink man, eschews golf and bridge, and collects American art. He has a deep conviction about the industry in which, he says, "There are no finalities, but problems do get solved, and the world's goods do get sold."

Not Just Cleverness

"Some of the advertiser's problems," says Ludgin, "involve the fatigue of believability. It's not enough to give the customer cleverness. Certainly, advertising tries to be eventful, exciting, unexpected. But it must all be part of a total marketing pattern, stemming from the advertiser's basic needs."



Arnold Newman

LUDGIN:
Problems do get solved.

Ludgin's agency spent seven months studying a large packing company's problems before launching them on their first national ad program. "We had to know their business, products, distribution," he explains. "Then we could let loose with the creativity."

New Crop of Ad-Men

Ludgin feels there's a new crop of business executives who rightfully regard advertising as "a safeguard and a propulsion, not to be dropped the minute times get tighter." They are really important for the future of the advertising industry where "intangibles predominate, but results are inevitable."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the McCall's consuming public by the McCall's
The magazine of Togetherness

type named Gregory. Gregory is as phony as a man who would wear a monocle over a glass eye. He misappropriates the monocle as a social rather than an optical device in a series of appalling drawing-room misadventures—until it falls to the floor of a London cab, and with it falls its owner.

¶ *Rest Cure* almost suggests that Huxley denies even the possibility of happiness. A woman in a nervous relation with her marriage escapes to Venice and the arms of an aristocratic Italian who is actually a rapacious and coldhearted spiv. She kills herself—at the moment of truth.

¶ **Waugh's Woes.** The Waugh sampler takes in more territory than the Huxley collection, but it is scrappy. Waugh is the most economical of writers, and Editor Rolo has performed a doubtful service by cutting his little dancing paper figures into even smaller ones. But those who encounter Waugh for the first time will still enjoy the old combination of black-face comedian and commando: face darkened for his curiously combined operations, surrounding atmosphere crackling and popping with the sound of snapping bones. And Waugh veterans will be glad to meet again some of the more outrageous characters. Among them:

¶ Basil Seal, the aristocratic hero-spy who, in the guise of a billeting officer, deploys an atrocious tribe of refugee brats named Connolly to terrorize and blackmail the decent dullards of the country.

¶ Seth, Oxford-educated but progressive-minded Emperor of Azania, who in one decree imposed compulsory Esperanto, and abolished, among other things, the death penalty, marriage, all native dialects, mortgages and infant mortality.

¶ Mr. Todd, mulatto ruler of a savage Amazonian tribe, who kept an English explorer captive in order to have the works of Dickens read to him every night.

¶ Lady Circumference, who thought that what her backward son, little Lord Tangent, needed was "beatin' and hittin' and knockin' about generally."

It is clear that Waugh is on the side of Lady Circumference. He satirizes the British nobility not because they behave as aristocrats but because they do not. Whimsically, Editor Rolo has included Waugh's first known work, *The Curse of the Horse Race*, written when the author was seven. It is about a betting man named Rupert, with "a dark bushy moustache and flashing eyes," who is hanged for killing a "puliesman." Adds Master Waugh darkly: "I hope the story will be a lesson to you never to bet." Forty-eight years later, Waugh, now a self-made conservative Catholic country gentleman, is in business at the same stand: comic policeman and characters in guardsmen mustaches still take their pratfalls. All is gaiety on the shiny, brilliant stage—only the author-manager in the darkened wings fails to laugh; he is a moralist.

In his introduction, Editor Rolo has used the best phrase for Waugh—"funny as hell." Huxley, as the title of one of his books suggests, deals with a place where there are fewer fireworks—Limbo.

Love Letters to Rambler



Norman Riggins

Salesman for an industrial chemicals concern, Norman Riggins, of Harrisonburg, Va., is a tropical fish fancier and a practising "shutterbug." But his real hobby, he says, is his job. This "hobby" calls for up to 1000 miles of hard driving every week. He writes:

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MISCELLANY

Visiting Fireman. In Middleton, England, a psychiatrist advised a father—concerned because he had caught his twelve-year-old son smoking in bed—to put an ashtray on the boy's bedside table.

Wig Lotin. In Minneapolis, Municipal Judge Dana Nicholson proposed that Minnesota's lower courts be put on a circuit basis, offered the slogan "*Gavelo donatus, circumire paratus*" and provided his own translation: "Have gavel, will travel."

Limited. In Bethlehem, Pa., a freight train blocked a street crossing for half an hour, annoyed motorists until they tinkered with a coupling so that the train finally pulled away minus 20 cars.

Solitaire. In Niagara, Wis., Marshal Joe Rousse, driving the village squad car, crashed into another car at an intersection, arrested himself for failing to yield the right of way, went to a justice of the peace, testified against himself, paid a \$25 fine.

Slow Reader. In Louisville, the public library declared a week's amnesty on fines for overdue books, got one back (*Boswell's Johnson*) that had been checked out in 1907.

The Outlaw. In Cleveland, Ernest Denard, whose driver's license was suspended in January, was back in court—for jaywalking.

Magnet. In Chicago, Car Thief James Reynolds led police on a wild chase that ended when he smashed into two police cars in front of the city's central police building.

Full Stop. In Milwaukee, Virgil Martell, 33, waited impatiently at an intersection for a light to change, finally stepped from his car, picked up a stone and, with major-league accuracy, shattered the red glass.

Double Indemnity. In Usen, Germany, when Heinrich Bormann tried to hang himself from a branch overhanging a creek, the branch broke and he was drowned.

Elementary. In Brooklyn, a suspicious housewife discovered uncooked rice on the floor of her husband's automobile, dragged him into court, where he was indicted for bigamy.

Local Customs. In Duncan, Okla., a reporter, stopping people on the street to see how many could name at least one of the first ten Amendments to the Constitution, was told by one woman: "I really wouldn't know; I just moved to Duncan recently."

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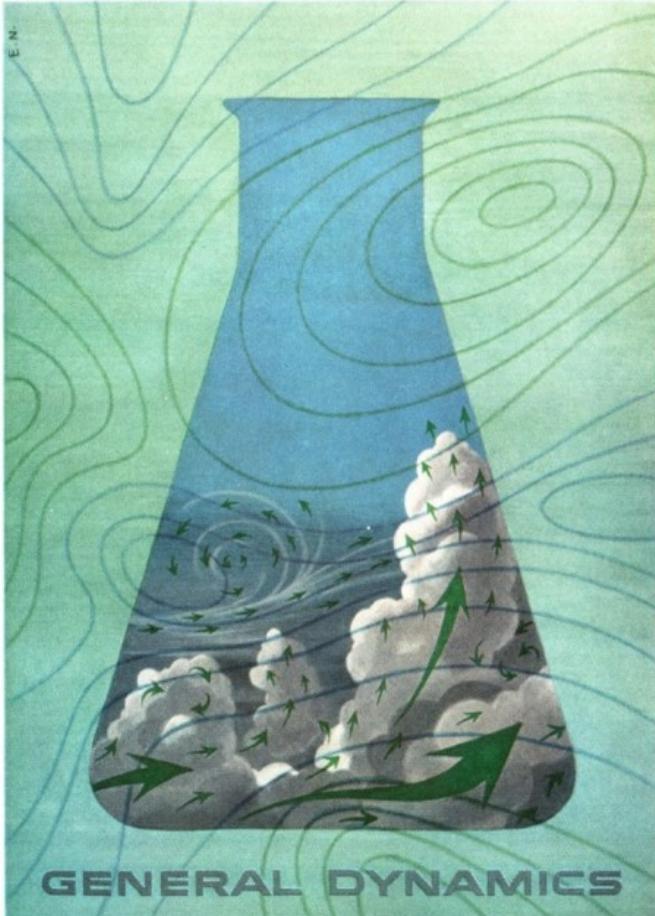
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